

LIFE SKETCHES AND EXPERIENCES  
IN MISSIONARY WORK

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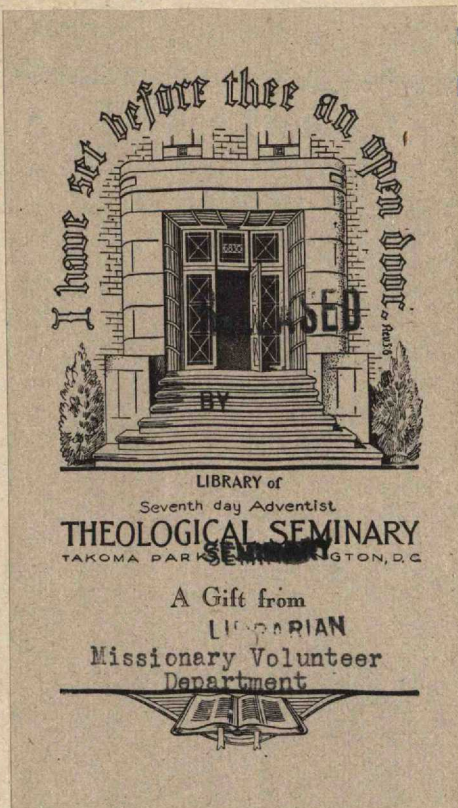
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General Conference of S.D.A.  
MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT  
Takoma Park, D. C.



Life Sketches and Experiences  
in Missionary Work



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Mrs. Minnie Sype

# Life Sketches and Experiences in Missionary Work

BY  
MRS. MINNIE SYPE

General Conference of S.D.A.  
MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT  
Takoma Park, D. C.



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## PREFACE

In this little work I have endeavored to give a sketch of my life from early childhood to the present time. I am now forty - seven years of age. At the age of thirty - two I entered the ministry, worked in Oklahoma for some time and then, by invitation of the President of the Iowa Conference, took up work in that state in 1906. During the years in which I have been engaged in evangelistic work I have never taken a month's rest. Although I was in poor health at the time I began, God has seen fit to restore my health, and in answer to prayer has raised me up from sickness to go into the pulpit.

I am a firm believer in the power of God to answer the prayer of faith. I believe this book came in answer to earnest prayer, and if in writing of the experiences of my own life I shall have been able to bring hope and courage to one troubled soul, I shall feel that this little volume has not failed in its mission.

MRS. MINNIE SYPE.

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Mrs. Minnie Syde and Family

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## CHAPTER I

### INTRODUCTORY

The thought of writing my first book came to me in 1912 in answer to earnest prayer about my financial situation. Because of drought, flood, fire, sickness, and death I had met with serious losses and was struggling under great difficulties. My husband was sick. The funeral expenses of my boy, who had been cruelly murdered the previous winter, were not paid. I had other debts. The children had to be kept in school, and during it all I was struggling to keep up my evangelistic work. Almost overwhelmed by the situation, I went to God who alone understood, remembering the promise in Psalms 34: 6, "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles." While I was on my knees in earnest prayer, the impression came to me to write a book. I told the Lord I did not know how to do this, but also told Him that by his help I would do the best I could. I rose from my knees determined to write a book. This I did as best I could while engaged in house to house work in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and missed only one appointment while writing the book.

The Lord opened the way, and I was able to have the little work published and ready to send out by January 1, 1913. This was providential as I did not have a cent of money, and was overwhelmed with debt. The first edition of one thousand copies is now sold. I have



watched its influence on those who have read it, and have come to the conclusion that God wanted to use this book to encourage those who might be struggling under difficulties, and to inspire others to greater effort in missionary work. The following instances will show this.

One lady, after reading the book which she had borrowed from a friend, sent for me to come and give her Bible studies. I found her very interested in present truth, her interest being aroused by reading my book. Another lady, after reading the book, said, "Mrs. Sype, I am going to canvass for our literature. If God can help you, he can help me." Still another lady, who was a member of a popular church, wrote that she would have to change her belief after reading "Life Sketches".

I could mention many, many more testimonials of how the book has been of great help, comfort, and interest to many of our own people as well as to people of the outside world. This has led me to revise the work and get out another edition, making the second book larger, including many more experiences which I hope will help and encourage those who read it.

I might state here that the dark valley, through which I was struggling at the time of writing my first book, has grown much brighter and the burden much lighter. The funeral expenses of my son, James, who is resting in the Linwood cemetery at Cedar Rapids, are all paid. The grave is marked by a neat little monument purchased and paid for by his mother, and today I have the satisfaction of knowing that I did what I could for the boy. Mr. Sype's health, though not good, is better than at the writing of the first book.

My oldest son, R. J. Sype, has finished his education, married, and entered the evangelistic work. For some time it has been our privilege to work together. This has been a great pleasure indeed. No one but God knows how much I have enjoyed the help of my son, after I have struggled alone for so many years, preaching every night, week after week, carrying all the burdens of tent efforts and revivals. It seems a great blessing to listen to my son preach the message I love, and to know that after my work is finished, he is able to carry the work on. I feel that every dollar invested in his education has been well spent, much better than if invested in houses or lands. My prayer is that he and his wife may be strong in this message, making its advancement their aim and life work.

My daughter, Anna, is now married to Mr. P. B. Gregg, a young man of like precious faith, and their young hearts are united in the desire to advance the Third Angel's Message. May the Lord keep them faithful and make them strong pillars in the house of the living God, doing whatsoever their hands find to do!

I feel that my work for my family is finished. All I can do now is to follow them with my prayers and good wishes, trusting that we may be an unbroken family in the kingdom of God.

As I have my business affairs so arranged that by the help of God I can soon pay all indebtedness, I am not writing this book for financial gain, but for the help and encouragement it may be to others. My great desire is that when I leave this old world I may owe no man anything and that my affections may be centered entirely on the Eternal Kingdom.



## JUST DO YOUR BEST

Just do your best. It matters not how small,  
 How little heard of;  
 Just do your best— that's all.  
 Just do your best. God knows it all,  
 And in his great plan you count as one;  
 Just do your best until the work is done.

Just do your best. Though poor, despised, forsaken,  
 Let not your faith be shaken.  
 Just do your best; with God and one  
 The mightiest things are done.

Just do your best. Who cares if in  
 The wild, hot rush for wealth and place  
 You don't excel?  
 Don't fret. Just do your best,  
 And do it well.

Just do your best. Reward will come  
 To those who stand the test;  
 God does not forget. Press on,  
 Nor doubt, nor fear. Just do your best.

SELECTED.

## CHAPTER II

## EARLY CHILDHOOD

On the sixth day of March, 1868, Elias Day and Mary A. Jackson were united in marriage. They moved at once to their homestead, two and a half miles south of the little village of Thayer, Union County, Iowa.

April 18, 1869, the birthday of her father, a little girl was born. Her parents named her Marinda, but she was called by that name only on rare occasions; "Minnie" seemed much more appropriate for the delicate, timid, country girl. In this home other children were born until the children numbered ten, of whom I was the oldest. We lived two and a half miles from school. There was a long distance between the houses in those days and the country was mostly prairie. My parents lived on the same farm about thirty-five years, moving only once, and that out of the little log cabin to a frame house of seven rooms.

On rare occasions only were we children permitted to go away from home. Mother did all she could to make home pleasant for the children, and never interfered with our childish plans unless it was absolutely necessary. I well remember the pleasant evenings we used to spend together. One evening when we children were roasting crab-apples and having a good time, our uncle, without our knowledge, placed some big red apples in the ashes and when we went to enjoy our crab-apples, lo, there were big apples.



Apples were scarce in those days. In the fall my father used to take a big wagon and go to Missouri to gather apples for the winter. Oh! the joy when father returned after a week's absence with a load of fine apples for winter use. It seems to me I have never since tasted apples that were so good as those.

As I was the oldest child in the family, and as the other older children were all girls, it fell to my lot to help father with the outdoor work. I well remember the wheat - sowing time, when I had to drive the team and harrow the ground. How long the distance across the field seemed! I also helped to plant corn, sitting on the planter and trying to hit a mark so as to have straight rows. Haymaking was also an important time - cutting, hauling, stacking. Every member of the family old enough to help had something to do. Then came the wheat harvest. We children would help shock the grain, and carry water for the men. In the fall we had to gather corn. It was not always pleasant to pick corn on frosty mornings, but as it had to be in the crib before snow, all went out to work.

Sometimes mother went to the field to gather corn and left me to take care of the children. At such times I would try to do something to surprise her. These surprises were not always pleasant to mother, who however always made the best of the situation. Once I hastened to get the housework done and thought I would surprise her by doing some sewing she was working on. I took the cloth she intended for skirts for the younger children, and cut it out and made three skirts. They did not fit just right, however. I well remember mother's look of disappointment, but all she said was, "Why Minnie, I wish you would do only

what I tell you to do." The incident was never mentioned again. It seemed to me that if mother had scolded or found fault with me, it would have broken my heart, as I was only trying to help her.

One day I was helping to gather corn. I was keeping up the "down row", my father was taking two rows on one side of the wagon, and a neighbor was taking two rows on the other side of the wagon. They were talking religion, and the neighbor was finding fault with the Bible. He said he did not believe in God. I was taught to keep silent when others were talking and not to dispute with older people. As I listened I became very indignant, but dared not say a word. At last, after I had stood it as long as I could, I took a big ear of corn and hit the man in the back. My father saw it and rebuked me. The man looked at me in great surprise, but evidently understood why the ear was thrown, for the subject was changed and all went well.

The first time I went away from home without my mother was a great event. When Grandfather and Grandmother Jackson were going to Red Oak on a visit, they asked me to go and stay with my aunt Lib. I thought this would be a great treat, and so it was during the first day, but as night drew on I became lonely for mother. I could hardly stand it that night. I did not have much appetite the next day, and when night came on again I went to bed, but scarcely slept any. I was afraid mother might die before I reached home. I knew she needed my help very much, and I began to think that all the folks at home were in great danger unless I got back to help them out. Next morning I was so broken up I could do nothing but sob. I had slept very little and eaten nothing. At last Aunt Lib told the boys to get the



old gray horse, which was called Marier. Aunt Lib put me behind her on the horse and we started for home. It was a long, tiresome journey to me, but in reality it was only about three miles. I was glad to get home. The first thing I saw was the old spotted cow. The next was Juke, the dog. Finally I saw mother and the children. Oh! I was so glad to see them all. Mother laughed and said I was homesick, and I think I was. That was my first experience in being homesick but not my last.

As I was the eldest child, it was necessary for me to do all I could to earn my own living as soon as I was old enough. Mother was particular about the company I kept. She did not allow me to visit much and always knew where I was. We all knew that if we were sent away and did not get back in time, mother would soon be looking for us.

Grandmother Jackson died when I was thirteen years old. She left three girls who were younger than I, and two boys who were older. Grandfather asked mother to let me come and be his housekeeper. This mother consented to do, so Nora and I became housekeepers. Nora was eleven years old and I was thirteen. We took great pride in our work. We cooked, and did the work in what we called "apple pie order". Grandfather and the boys always seemed pleased with our efforts, and if they suffered from indigestion from the effects of our cooking, they never told us. We kept house and also went to school in winter. We were getting along nicely. Grandfather was always kind. I was his eldest grandchild and he treated me as his own daughter.

But this was not to continue always. We found that grandfather was much interested in the mail and watched for letters. We also had fun watching for it; but

one day he told us he was going to bring home a new wife. This brought great sorrow to us girls — but the wife came. Grandfather, in settling with me, made me a present of a fine cow, which I was proud to drive home to my father's farm. So ended my first stay away from home, and also my childhood days. I no longer considered myself a child. I had to begin to grapple with the problems of life in earnest.

A house is built of brick and stone,  
Of sills and posts and piers;  
But a home is built of loving deeds  
That stand a thousand years.  
The men of earth build houses, halls,  
    chambers, roofs, and domes;  
But the women of the earth, God knows,  
    the women build the homes.



## CHAPTER III

### SCHOOL DAYS AND CONVERSION

My mother's great desire was to give her children an education. She taught me to read, and did all she could with her many burdens to give me every possible advantage. When I started to school there were no children to accompany me. The trip of two and one-half miles over a lonely prairie road caused me great fear and trouble, and my mother no little anxiety. So my parents provided me with a dog. I well remember the day when my father brought her home. She was the most wonderful dog I had ever known. I have never since cared for a dog as I cared for her. I named her Juke. How well protected I felt with Juke trotting by my side, as I started to school with my dinner pail! But Juke was not a welcome visitor at the school. She would go to the door with me and then crawl under the steps to wait for me, but the first thing the boys did was to search for Juke and throw sticks at her and yell, and start her running for home. Now, this was a great grief to me. I stood at the window and cried, but dared not go out, for I was afraid of the boys. They were "terrors" in my eyes. I still remember how each of them looked. I thought I had never seen such a rough, rude set of boys as those school boys. The teacher asked me why I had brought the dog. I said: "To keep the bugaboos off," at which all laughed and had fun, while the poor, timid girl suffered. Later when I went to

### SCHOOL DAYS AND CONVERSION 21

class with my new book, to the teacher's surprise I could already read. "How did you learn?" she asked. "Mamma taught me some, and I learned part of it myself," I answered.

When I reached home safely after my wonderful experiences, I had a long story to tell mother. All timidity was gone, now that I was safe and happy. Mother always had time to hear her children's griefs, sorrows, and joys. With all mother's cares she was pleasant and kind, never scolded and was never fretful.

I attended school as regularly as possible, considering the distance I had to go. Three of the teachers whom I had were first-class, and kept good order. One of these was Mary Bolinger, who is now married and lives in Nebraska. She was an excellent teacher. She punished me one day by making me stand on the floor with the rest of the third grade class and learn—

Thirty days has September,  
April, June, and November.  
All the rest have thirty-one  
But February which has twenty-eight alone,  
Except in leap year, once in four,  
When February has one day more.

I cannot tell how many times that little rhyme has been a help to me. Every time I have occasion to use it, I think of my teacher and the only time I had to stand on the floor. Miss Bolinger was a Christian, and always read a chapter and offered prayer at the opening of school in the morning. She was kind and neat at all times, and her school-room was always orderly. This teacher had much to do in molding the character of her students and causing them to think of God.

William Bolinger was another teacher who punished



me once. He gave me a little cut across the shoulder because I turned around in my seat. This was the greatest punishment I ever received in school. Nevertheless I liked those teachers and respected them for their discipline.

Charles Emerson was a good teacher also. Later he became county superintendent and visited the school where I was teaching. I always enjoyed the instruction he gave me.

I attended country school until I was about fifteen years old. After that I worked out between times, and went to school in Afton, Iowa, working for my board.

One summer I worked on a farm about sixteen miles from home. We milked sixteen cows and made twenty-five pounds of cheese every day. We were busy people, especially in harvest time. One rainy morning I was in a hurry, and having baked a pudding for dinner set it on the cellar steps to cool. I then took off my shoes and went to see about the little chickens, after which I came back to the house. In my hurry I forgot about the pudding on the cellar steps, ran down the stairs for some milk, and stepped into the hot pudding. O, the suffering it caused! I dared not say a word, as I could not bear to be laughed at, so I just gritted my teeth and went on. My foot was severely blistered. After dinner the lady said, "What is the matter with your foot? I believe you have poisoned it." I told her I wanted to go home. I was first taken to the doctor and then to my home. The lady never knew what happened to my foot.

Often I would take my arithmetic and pencil with me when I went away from home to work, and would use my spare moments in solving problems. My mother had always wanted me to be a school teacher, and I would

dream of the happy days of school teaching. It seemed almost beyond my reach that I should ever be able to attend a Normal School, but at last the time came. It was the first time I had ever been out of my own county. As soon as I was old enough, I was granted a certificate. That was a happy day for me.

My mother sometimes sat down and read the Bible to us children. Once she read about the flood, and how the world is to be destroyed by fire. This interested me. I asked a great many questions. I generally had to hunt for the cows on the prairie and while driving them home, I would look up at the blue sky and wonder about God. I wanted to understand about Him and the destiny of the human family. I wished to hear people talk more about our Heavenly Father. I remember once after listening to some ladies talk, that I went away and cried because I heard no one talking about God.

When I was about ten years old, as I was one day staying with the younger children while mother was away, a burden rolled upon my poor heart, and I went out alone to weep because I was so wicked. The children asked why I was crying, and when I told them they could not understand. I could find no one who could help me. I was reaching out for something higher, but knew not what.

About two years later, Elder Strickland held a protracted meeting in our schoolhouse. He was a minister of the Christian or Disciple Church. As often as I could I went to these meetings. One night he gave all an invitation to come forward to give him our hand and God our heart. I went forward. It was a great event to me. That step proved to be a greater blessing to me than any previous experience. But I was not yet satis-



fied. I wanted to know more. I did not know how to believe. The protracted meetings closed after a few nights and the only ones who had gone forward were a schoolmate and I. It was no doubt thought that we were too young for baptism for it was never mentioned to us. No one ever talked to me personally concerning religion.

When I was thirteen years old, a baptism was to be held. I wanted to be baptized also, but my parents thought I was too young. My grandfather Day, a good old Methodist, seemed to take in the situation and talked to me, and told my parents to let me go ahead, and mother, grandfather, and I went to the place where Elder Cregger, an old pioneer minister of the Christian Church, baptized me.

I will never forget how happy I was to go forward with my Lord in baptism. As I came out of the watery grave, I enjoyed such peace as it is possible to enjoy only when doing the will of God. I tried to live a Christian life. At times I had peace. At other times I felt a great burden of sin and wickedness. It seemed to me that I was such a sinner that I could never be forgiven.

While I was attending school in Afton, I went one Friday out into the country with a schoolmate to stay over night. The young man who came for us, asked us to come to his house on Saturday night to a dance. I had never attended a dance. I had been taught that it was wrong, and when after much persuasion I consented to go, I said that it was against my religion to dance. After we came to the place where the young people had gathered, it was found that they lacked just one girl to finish the set, so they began to beg me to dance. Neither the young man who chose me for a partner nor I had ever before been on the floor. This was an experience long

to be remembered. I vowed, while trying to go through that set, that I would never again be found in such a place. I had had enough of dancing, and the remorse and darkness it brought to my Christian experience lasted for days.

Occasionally I was invited to parties. Sometimes I accepted the invitation, and when I did, I appeared to enjoy myself. Usually I went in for a good time, and everybody thought that I was indeed having a good time. I remember one party I attended—a birthday party. We had a lively time. The lady of the house said I was the life of the evening, but she little knew my suffering of conscience after I left the place. I was condemned. Darkness came in as a result of my attending parties. I would weep and mourn over my wicked life, and at last I resolved that I would attend no more play parties.

Time went on. I did not know how to study the Bible. I tried to find out more about God, but never until I attended my first Seventh-day Adventist camp-meeting did I understand how to grasp the real promises of God's Word.

There I heard a Bible study on faith in God and the truthfulness of God's Word. The minister quoted such texts as 1 John 1:9, "If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness;" and Isaiah 38:17, "But thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption: for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back." He said we should take God's word by faith, knowing that God never speaks an untruth. If we do our part, God will do His. God is willing to forgive us our sins and to cast them into the depths of the sea and



remove them as far from us as the east is from the west. Continuing he said, "After we have confessed our sins, they are no longer ours, for Jesus has purchased them by his blood. If our sins are purchased and given over to the purchaser, they no longer belong to us; and if, after we have done all that we can to get rid of them, they still trouble us, it is Satan who brings them up to cause us to become discouraged."

This was indeed light for me. I grasped God's Word by faith, and from that time till now there has been peace and joy in my heart. When God by His Spirit has shown me my wrongs, I have confessed them and have done all in my power to make matters right; and the peace of God has filled my soul.

Tho' all things earthly pass away,  
And friends their dearest ties must sever;  
Tho' grass and flowers may fade and die,  
The Word of God shall stand forever.

Then build, Oh, build upon the Word,  
And as your life unfolds its pages  
'Twill show a character of worth,  
And stand undimmed the test of ages.

— Nellie Butler

## CHAPTER IV

### SCHOOL TEACHING AND MARRIAGE

Just before my eighteenth birthday, I began to teach my first term of school. I was boarding at home, which was two and one half miles from the school. I was now beginning a new experience in my life and was to try to work out the plans I had so long been laying.

The first day I called the school to order promptly at nine o'clock. The boys and girls were all anxious to see the new teacher. My ideas of what a school should be and of ideal school teaching were largely moulded by Mary Bolinger. I determined to pattern after her as much as possible, and therefore I began the school by reading and prayer. The daily program was placed on the black-board, and things seemed to go smoothly. The children were very careful to obey orders. Everything moved in "apple pie order", until one boy, who was about fourteen years of age, began to exercise authority over the younger boys. He became so tyrannical and there was such a general complaint against him, that I took him aside and had a talk with him. I plead with him to do better, but it was of no avail. At last he broke the rules to such an extent that I thought it necessary to give him a good sound thrashing. I kept him after school, closed the windows, locked the doors, and began the work. It was a hard struggle. For a time the outcome was doubtful, but I persevered until the boy was conquered. From that time he was submissive and quiet, giving no more trouble.



There was another boy who would excuse himself from school and then go out and spend his time pulling shingles off buildings and doing other mischief. I had to deal with him in the same manner. He, too, gave up and became submissive. Aside from these two instances, the school term passed pleasantly. The last day of school was celebrated by our school joining another in having a picnic in the woods. This was a happy day for children, teachers, and parents. All the parents came with well filled baskets, and everyone had a general good time. So closed my first term of school.

The directors asked me to take the school again. I did so. This term passed without any trouble, for the boys had learned that I had control of the situation. I do not think I had to punish a child during the second term.

I was then called to another neighborhood, some miles from home, to teach. As this term of school came to its close, another teacher and I united in closing the school term with a big picnic dinner,— parents, teachers, and pupils meeting for a good time.

The directors asked me to take the next term of school. This I did. The children here were very agreeable. It seemed to me I never had a brighter or more obedient lot of children. There were two children, twins, a boy and a girl, about twelve years of age, who specially attracted my attention. They sat in a back seat. The girl was very studious, the boy not so much so. Sometimes the boy would amuse himself by teasing some of the other children. On such occasions the girl would box his ears. I pretended not to see this, as I thought she was doing a good work, and I did not want to interfere. She was industrious and well behaved, and thus helped to keep her brother level.

Those were happy days: teaching school, attending normals, studying pedagogy. There was nothing I enjoyed more than studying, or listening to the experiences of others. I loved the children and my work. At the end of this term I settled down to married life on a farm, but after a few years I took up school teaching again.

This time I was asked to teach a very rude, worldly, rough set of boys. In fact, they had run the teachers out the preceding two years. No teacher in the county would undertake the work. I entered the school-room with a determination to conquer the situation. The school moved along without friction for a while, but I saw the spirit of rebellion rising. I had always tried to rule by kindness, yet with firmness, I saw I had a problem this time, but determined not to give up. Days, weeks, and months rolled by. By keeping everybody busy, treating the pupils kindly, overlooking some faults, correcting others, planning and thinking, the school was brought to a successful close. I have not heard from that day to this of another teacher being turned out of that school by unruly children.

In Wyoming I was asked to teach school in a mining-camp. The children were said to be unruly. The parents complained of the teachers, but by earnest prayer, and watching and working carefully, I won the hearts of the boys and girls, and had very little difficulty.

One day, a boy who had not been attending school came to the school ground and insisted on fighting one of my pupils. This caused no little excitement. I had never witnessed a fist fight, and in all my teaching experience had never allowed fighting or anything of the kind. This was quite an occurrence. The fight continued

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until they reached the door of the school. The girls climbed up on the seats and cried. Some of the boys by shouting and hissing urged the fighters on, while others tried to separate them. For some time things were quite lively. The excitement was so great that we had to dismiss school until our nerves quieted down. This was the hardest experience I ever had in a school-room. I am glad however the disturbance was caused by a boy who was not a pupil.

I loved my work, I loved the children, and I believe the children loved their teacher. Some who have gone to my school may perhaps read these lines. Some of my pupils have chosen school teaching for their life work, others are preaching, while some are following other honorable professions. I have always taken an interest in them.

The experience gained in the school-room in dealing with the human mind has been a great help to me in my public work. The school-room is a good training place for the teacher as well as for the pupils. The teacher should never lose her self-control before the students. She should pass as lightly as possible over things that cannot be avoided; she should ever show a quiet, kind disposition. If she wishes to keep the school in order, the teacher should keep herself in order. If she does not want her children to talk loudly, she must herself cultivate a gentle tone. If she does not want the children to be rough and boisterous, she must herself be gentle and quiet. The children will imitate the teacher. Those who aspire to school teaching should have good, steady habits and a high standard of right and wrong, as the influence exerted by the teacher will affect the children entrusted to her care all through their life.

While teaching school in Sand Creek township, Union County, Iowa, I first met Mr. L. P. Sype. His parents were old residents of that county. We had been born in the same county, but had never met until I went to this neighborhood to teach.

I had often heard him spoken of as an exemplary young man, and when I met him I was attracted by his temperate habits, as it was very uncommon to find a young man who did not use tobacco. I had vowed that never should a young man puff tobacco smoke in my face. I hated tobacco. I had never associated much with people who used liquor or tobacco, and even when viewed from a distance, the use of such things seemed very disgusting.

When Mr. Sype asked me to accompany him to a lecture, held at Afton, Iowa, I did so. I found he was of a religious turn of mind, and that he and his parents were members of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. This I thought rather queer, but admired his good Christian principles. From time to time he asked me to accompany him to different places, and as he was often called upon to lead in singing I went with him to protracted meetings. When he asked me to become his wife, I accepted his proposal of marriage, and we were married on March 6, 1889.

When we talked over the subject of religion, as I was a member of the Christian Church and he was a member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, we agreed to disagree, but also to respect each other's religious belief. A minister of the United Brethren faith performed the marriage ceremony.

Mr. Sype promised to accompany me to my church, I agreed to go with him to his.



When we started housekeeping on a farm near Afton, Iowa, we erected the family altar, reading a chapter of the Bible and having prayer. We both desired to live good Christian lives and decided to let controverted subjects rest.

## CHAPTER V

## ACCEPTING PRESENT TRUTH

When attending their meetings I noticed that Seventh-day Adventists were close students of the Bible. I was impressed by their ability to find texts of Scripture for any subject presented. I began to wonder why I was keeping the first day, Sunday, while my husband kept the seventh day, Saturday. I wondered if both positions could be proved from the Bible. I began to look into the question. I found Seventh-day Adventists more than willing to give text after text as proof for Seventh-day observance. I visited my own minister and asked for reasons for the observance of the first day of the week. To my surprise I got no satisfactory answer. This was indeed a disappointment, as I had secretly hoped to win my husband to my way of thinking on the Sabbath question.

Time passed. I kept quiet and studied. My father-in-law, Mr. J. L. Sype, who had been elder of the Seventh-day Adventist church in Afton, Iowa, for years, was a Bible student. He seemed to take an interest in my religious welfare, and at any time, when I was perplexed over some question in the Bible, I found him ready to sit down, take his Bible, and study with me carefully.

I began to think on such subjects as: the State of the Dead, the Destiny of the Wicked, and the Plan of Salvation. These topics began to attract my attention and I was much puzzled. I well remember, after I had spent some months studying the Sabbath question, that



I found that I must keep the seventh day Sabbath as the Sabbath of the Lord my God. After I had attended a meeting on the Sabbath where only a few were present, the next morning, Sunday, I stood in the doorway and watched my neighbors and friends going to church. I loved them all very dearly. They were kind, good old friends, and I had enjoyed many good times with them. As I saw them going one way, while I was going another, I cried: "Oh, my God! Do you ask this of me?" I turned and walked to the sitting-room. I knelt down, took my Bible, and in an earnest prayer said: "Lord, this question of the Sabbath must be settled forever. You know I do not want to be separated from my friends, but I do realize that they can never save me. I must take your word as my guide."

On my knees, with my Bible open, I turned to the ten commandments. I studied them over carefully and said, "I can never become a Christian and knowingly break one of these commandments, and the fourth commandment says: 'The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God'." There alone with God, I resolved that from that time on I would keep the Sabbath of the Lord, let come what would, and I asked him for strength.

This brought great peace to my heart. I rose from my knees, a stronger, more determined Christian than ever before. I united with the Seventh-day Adventist Church in July, 1889. The Bible had become a new book to me. I spent all my spare time studying its sacred pages. Even when I washed dishes I learned texts of Scripture.

In time children came to our home. The duties of life increased. I was indeed a busy woman. Ross, our oldest boy, was born on a farm near Father Sype's. We soon moved to a farm just across the road from Father Sype,

and lived there for a number of years. With my children, garden, chickens, fruit, sewing, washing, and ironing, I was very busy, but still I found time to study the Bible. Many a time, after the day's work was finished, Father Sype would come over and spend the evening. He took his Bible, and I mine, and we often studied until twelve o'clock at night. He was a good Bible student. My longing and thirsting to know more about God was now being satisfied. The Psalmist spoke the truth, when he said, "Commit your ways unto the Lord and he will give you the desire of your heart." As we walk in the light of God's Word, if we will obey, the promise is, "The path of the just shall grow brighter and brighter until the perfect day."

When we talked upon Bible subjects and studied them, it was wonderful how the truth would open to our view. We searched and studied about the Bible until I saw every truth. I could see the love of God in the plan of salvation as never before.

On the Nature of Man, Father Sype quoted scriptures to all my questions. I had formerly supposed that when people died they went immediately to their reward, heaven or hell. I had thought that if a person was wicked Satan took him at once to his place of punishment and watched him burn through the eternal ages. But by careful study of the Bible I found that death is an unconscious sleep. Such texts as Psalms 146: 4; Ecclesiastes 9: 5; Ecclesiastes 3: 17-20; 1 Thessalonians 4: 16, 17; John 11: 11; 1 Corinthians 15: 51-55 proved the unconscious state of the dead. I studied these texts and began to see more in God's plan for us. I found that if it were not for the resurrection of Christ there would be no resurrection and that we would die as other creatures die.



I found also that God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son, not only to live and die for us, but that through His resurrection we might be raised from the dead.

I began to see the real truth concerning the millennium, and the resurrection of both the righteous and the wicked. I studied the scriptures concerning the second coming of Christ. It was wonderful to see how God has planned all things, as he says in Amos 3: 7: "Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but He revealeth His secrets unto his servants the prophets." I learned that a part of the Bible was especially for our day. Daniel 12: 4 says: "But thou, O Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book, even to the time of the end: many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased." I saw that we had reached the time when men were running to and fro, that knowledge was being increased, and that the book of Daniel had been opened. I was filled with great admiration for the word of God. It seemed to me I could not get enough time to study its truths. It was a wonderful study, and as I saw the history of the world outlined in the book of Daniel, I was filled with great astonishment. I had studied the history of nations, and now I saw that God had foretold this history long before it came to pass. I found out that our country was pointed out in the book of Revelation. The knowledge and the light that was breaking upon my path were such that I praised God, and many a time, while I was alone, I knelt down and thanked God for the light of His Word and asked Him for strength to live in harmony with its teaching.

Life was worth living. The knowledge that God had sent us message after message to show us where we are

on this great, broad ocean of time was worth the struggle.

Sweet Sabbath day, divinely blest,  
How oft I find in thee sweet rest—  
Sweet rest from labors of the week,  
As I unto my father seek  
For guidance while I bow in prayer,  
And feel His benediction there.  
Or as I read His holy word,  
It seems to me as if I heard  
The same sweet story that he told  
To holy men in days of old.  
I know that he is ever near,  
The Comforter to bless and cheer,  
And then at morn or twilight dim  
I love to meditate of Him.  
Just let Him come and take control  
Of all my thoughts and fill my soul,  
And then I taste of Heaven's peace  
And of the joys that never cease.  
I love to think, when sets life's sun,  
And all our work on earth is done,  
Of that blest Sabbath over there,  
When we, in that bright city fair,  
Will worship Him around His throne,  
When He shall claim us as His own.  
Then we shall bring our off'rings sweet  
And lay them down at Jesus' feet.  
The sheaves we've gathered here on earth  
Will be esteemed of greatest worth.  
We cannot tell how glad 'twill be,  
That glorious rest when we are free—



Free from all sin on earth below,  
 No more of pain or tears or woe,  
 But shining like the stars so bright,  
 We'll dwell always in heavens light.  
 A happy Sabbath that will be—  
 The Sabbath of eternity.

—Nellie Butler

## CHAPTER VI

### LIFE ON THE FARM

My early childhood was spent on the farm. There Mr. Sype and I also spent our first years of married life. All our children were born in Union County, Iowa, on the farm. Ross Jackson Sype was born December 31, 1889; James Earl Sype, July 12, 1892, and H. H. Anna Sype, January 7, 1898.

I enjoyed Sabbath-keeping on the farm. I also enjoyed the daily study of the Sabbath-school lessons. Friday was the day of preparation. After all the cooking, scrubbing, and cleaning was finished, I gave the children their baths. Then as the sun was setting, we gathered and engaged in family prayer. Early Sabbath morning we arose, did our morning work, had family worship, dressed, took our lunch, and started for church. It was often late when we reached home. We ate dinner on the road, letting the team feed while we were in church. We would reach home tired and happy, have a good warm supper, close the Sabbath with prayer, do our evening work, and be ready for a good night's rest.

If there were sick people living near the road, we often stopped on our way to church and visited them. We lived seven miles from church, but we never missed a service, unless sickness kept us at home. We found that the long distance was rather a blessing, as it afforded such splendid opportunities for distributing literature. We saved our papers and left them in the mail-boxes on the way. The



boys saved their "Little Friends" and would oftentimes leave them along the road for other children to read. Frequently this awakened an interest in the children to come to Sabbath School and we often had our buggy full of children before we reached the church.

I remember one Sabbath I was impressed to stop at a place where a new family had moved in, and ask the wife if I might come and study the Bible with her. She said yes, so the next Monday I hurried my washing, scrubbing, and dinner, got the boys ready, harnessed my team and hitched it up, and the children and I drove over to fill my first appointment for a Bible study away from home. This lady's husband was a Catholic. She told me afterwards that she knew the Lord had sent me to her. The day I called she was lonely and homesick, and was very glad to see some one come to her door. I made an appointment to visit her the following week and after that the visits continued. I hired the little boys to sit still, while I gave the reading. Mrs. Fredericks was fond of the boys and used to give them little presents, and they loved her. James, who was just learning to talk, used to call her "Miss Fledlick, over on the other side of the lail load" (railroad), because she lived near the railroad bridge on the road to town. We spent many pleasant afternoons together studying the Bible.

One day I went over and found her husband at home, suffering with the toothache. He was in a room adjoining the one in which Mrs. Fredericks and I were. My back was turned to the door, but I was conscious of the fact that he was doing all he could to attract the attention of his wife and sister, and was having a good time at my expense. I made the best of the situation and never let them know I noticed the actions of Mr. Fredericks. Not

long after this Mrs. Fredericks asked me to come in the evening, as her husband wanted to hear the studies. So Mr. Sype, the children, and I went over to have Bible studies once a week, Mr. Sype singing a song and praying, and I conducting the Bible study. Mr. Fredericks became deeply interested and afterwards apologized for his conduct that day. As we became fast friends they became strong advocates of Present Truth.

I often went with Mr. Sype to town, and if he had a load of grain so that he could not drive fast, I would go ahead and canvass the houses along the road. Then I rode with him awhile, and after I was rested, I hurried to the next house. In this way I sold many "Signs of the Times" and other magazines and small books. While I waited for him to attend to his business in town, I frequently sold magazines or gave away tracts.

Life became worth living when I could do something for my Master, who had done so much for me.

"O turn me, mold me, mellow me for use,  
Provide my being for Thy vital force,  
That this inexpensive life of mine  
May be eloquent and full of power;  
Impregnated with loving strength divine.  
Put the bright torch of Heaven into my hand,  
That I may carry it on high  
To win the eye of the weary wanderers here below,  
And guide their feet into the paths of peace."

I delighted to can fruit and store the cellar with a plentiful supply, so as to be able to entertain travelers. We never turned a stranger from our door. We loved to keep them, as it gave us a chance to talk the truth to them. I always was of the opinion that if we could not go to others, God would send some to us to hear the



truth. I had many good talks with these people and received letters from many others who asked questions or who sent for more reading matter.

I liked to raise chickens, milk the cows, and work in the garden. I had an experience one summer I shall always remember. One of our neighbors raised turkeys, which insisted on making us daily visits, especially when we fed the chickens. One day, while I was feeding the chickens, the turkeys came flocking around as usual. I tried to drive them away, and in my efforts to frighten them I threw a stick at them. I hit one of the turkeys and killed it. I was greatly troubled. As no one saw me, I thought I would just keep still. I feared it would make trouble to say anything about it, but I had no peace until I went to see the family and told them. To my surprise they said they did not blame me. We had a good visit. They soon sold the turkeys and things went on more smoothly. How thankful I was that I told these people of the killing of the turkey.

I had another experience in raising chickens. One spring I had worked to get broilers, taking great care to shut them in every night. I had a fine flock, all feathered out, and as they went to roost every evening, I watched them with delight. One morning I opened the door as usual but there was a great change in the flock—there were not nearly so many as the night before. At first I thought some one had stolen them, but when I searched I found that a weasel had discovered a knot-hole in the back of the chicken-house, and entering, had killed thirty-five young broilers. The next night the weasel visited the chicken-coop, but my trap was ready for him. I had the pleasure of getting the weasel, but that did not bring back the chickens.

After Anna was born I had a nervous break-down, and when she was three months old I went to a sanitarium for treatment. When I was told that I would have to leave my baby at home, as they would not take her into the sanitarium, I said I would never part with my baby, unless death separated us. Mother Sype, my own mother, and several sisters of the church, came and offered to keep her; but she was too precious to trust with any one except myself, and after a long cry they would usually end by saying, "Well, Minnie, take the baby."

I was very weak. Friends took baby and me to the train and helped us on. She was very good all the way from Afton to Lincoln. A man helped us off the train and to the waiting room. I was thankful all the way that I had taken the baby with me. I watched for the people who were to meet me. At last I saw two clean-looking young men, without cigars in their mouth, enter the depot, and I said, "These are the people who are to meet me." I beckoned to them. They came over and told me they came for Mrs. Sype. I was soon on my way to the Nebraska Sanitarium. We reached the sanitarium after dark. There were a number of pleasant people in the parlor, who spoke kindly to us, and the baby looked up and smiled. They all welcomed her. One lady specially was kind to the baby and me, as were also many of the other patients.

My stay proved beneficial to me. As soon as I was able, I boarded outside and took treatments at the sanitarium. There was an old lady who kept Anna while I took treatment. She also cared for her while I took Bible study at the college. I was always thankful that I kept the baby with me. I know no one can care for a child as its own mother can.



When I returned home, I found that Mr. Sype planned to move to Wyoming. A brother from Afton church had moved out there. He liked the country, so after much persuasion I was induced to consent to go to Higby, a mining-camp six miles from Sheridan, Wyoming.

(These lines were written by Ellen L. Goveh, a Brahman of the highest caste, adopted daughter of Rev. W. T. Stone, of Bradford, England. — Sabbath Reading.)

In the secret of his presence how my soul delights to hide.  
Oh, how precious are the lessons which I learn at Jesus' side!  
Earthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me low,  
For when Satan comes to tempt me, to the "secret place"  
I go.

When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the shadow of  
His wing  
There is cool and pleasant shelter, and a fresh and crystal  
spring;  
And my Saviour rests beside me, as we hold communion  
sweet;  
If I tried, I could not utter what he says when thus we  
meet.

Only this I know: I tell Him all my doubts and griefs  
and fears;  
Oh, how patiently he listens, and my drooping soul He  
cheers!  
Do you think He ne'er reproves me? What a false friend  
he would be  
If He never told me of the sins which he must surely see.

Do you think that I could love Him half so well as I ought  
If He did not tell me plainly of each sinful word and  
thought?

No; He is so very faithful, and that makes me trust  
Him more,

For I know that He does love me, though He wounds  
me very sore.

Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of  
the Lord?

Go and hide beneath His shadow; this shall then be your  
reward;

And whene'er you leave the silence of that happy  
meeting place,

You must mind and bear the image of your Master in  
your face.

You will surely lose the blessing and the fulness of your  
joy,

If you let dark clouds distress you, and your inward  
peace destroy.

You may always be abiding if you will rest at Jesus' side;  
In the secret of His presence you may every moment hide.



## CHAPTER VII

## A BURDEN FOR SOULS AND HOME MISSIONARY WORK

As the truths of the Bible began to unfold in such a wonderful way, a burden for souls rested upon me. I loved the farm, I loved my home and children, but I must also work for my fellow-men. It seemed to me I could not see people careless and unconcerned about their soul's salvation without making an effort to help them.

One day, while listening to a stirring sermon on the seven last plagues spoken of in Revelation 16, a burden for the conversion of one of my sisters rolled upon me. My people were not in favor of the new religion I had accepted. They thought I had disgraced the family. My father told me he had educated me, and now to see me join that unpopular church was too much. I would get my Bible and try to study with him, but he would only get angry. I would then have a good cry and resolve that I would not mention religion to him again; but I would become anxious to go home, and as certainly as I went the subject of religion would come up though I tried to avoid it. "From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." I was filled with zeal for my new-found faith, and was an object of curiosity to many because of my peculiar way of living.

I had accepted the principles of health reform, and did not eat pork, nor drink coffee or tea. As I had also begun to keep another day my belief had made

quite a change in my life, and my people were continually making remarks concerning the change.

I began to plan to get the truth to my family. I sent them papers and books, and in several ways tried to interest them. But they simply laughed the matter off or in some other way avoided a study of Bible subjects. I used to go alone to pray for my sisters. One sister, who had gone West and taught school for a number of years, found herself broken down in health. When she returned it was my delight to receive her into my home, with the hope of getting her interested in present truth.

I remember onetime when she was very sick I thought that she might perhaps die. I prayed earnestly for her recovery. When I thought she was able to endure it, I would talk to her about religion, God's great plan, and the second coming of the Lord. These talks were not always appreciated. Her heart would at times be softened. Later she accompanied Father and Mother Sype to a campmeeting, and, Oh, my joy when I heard that she was baptized and that she, too, had begun the observance of the Sabbath.

My people at home thought this very strange. She afterwards became a faithful Seventh-day Adventist, and later married W. L. Manfull, one of our leading book men, who at present has oversight of the book work of the West Canadian Union Conference.

My sister Blanche was the next of the family to accept present truth. It gave me great joy when she became a Seventh-day Adventist, and left off her old way of thinking and believing, and acknowledged that the seventh day was the Sabbath of the Lord her God.

My little sister Elsie also accepted this faith. My grandfather, who at first thought my actions very



strange, called me to his deathbed and said: "Minnie, you are right. Go ahead."

This was thirteen long years after I had begun working, praying, and seeking God in behalf of my own family. Almost twenty-six years after I accepted this truth, I was greatly surprised when, in a meeting where a call was made for those who wished to unite with the church, my old grey-haired father, at the age of seventy-six, came tottering to the front seat. This was in the year 1915, at Lake City, Iowa. Today I do not know of one of my relatives who does not at least respect the belief of the Seventh-day Adventists. This has been a source of great comfort. When I go to their homes I am often called upon to pray and am asked concerning the truths of God's word. It is indeed a great change from what it was when I first accepted this faith.

As a burden of souls rested upon me, I began to plan how I might work for others and not neglect my home. I resolved that no person should come to my door without having a chance to get something that would lead him nearer to God. I had longed in the past for Christian help, and resolved that those who came near me should receive this help, if it was possible to give it to them.

One plan I devised was a reading rack which was placed near my outside door. Every tramp, agent, or caller of any kind, was supplied with a paper or tract on present truth. I began to study how to arrange my housework so as to give more time to the Lord.

As I have said elsewhere, I dedicated Thursday to missionary work. Sometimes I visited the sick, or if I was detained at home by company I had quilt-blocks ready, that I might spend the time sewing on these, preparing quilts and comforters for missions. Or if the

day was rainy, I spent the time writing missionary letters, with which I enclosed a tract, a piece of poetry or something to draw peoples' minds to God. I had good returns from my missionary efforts. An answer to one letter stated that a lady, after reading a tract on the Sabbath question which I had sent her, had resolved to keep the seventh day Sabbath.

Another lady, who received a letter containing a selection of poetry on consecration, told me she was on the point of giving up her Christian life, but after she read the poem she went to her knees in prayer and renewed her hold on God.

I always asked God to direct me in writing letters, also in placing literature in them, that I might send the right message to the right person. Every piece of poetry worth while was cut out and put in a box for future use. This was indeed pleasant work. It made life worth living.

Some weeks I took Thursday as a day for canvassing, and used the profits of the day to buy postage stamps for missionary letters. Or, when I could not leave home to canvass and my funds were becoming low, I spent the day making sunbonnets or sewing for others, that my missionary money might be supplied.

I had some good experiences in canvassing, one of which I will relate, as I believe it will be of interest to others. Two of our ministers came to our church and presented the needs of our schools. They asked us to help pay this indebtedness by the sale of "Christ's Object Lessons." They made a strong plea and the burden of this work rested upon me. I resolved that I would do what I could to help. My husband and I talked over the situation while we were going home. We



resolved that we would give some of our spare time to the work of selling "Christ's Object Lessons." I promised the church I would sell a number of these books. I took for my territory the neighborhood of my girlhood.

We lived about fifteen miles from my father's home. I had not made my father's family a visit for some time. One day, with the three children, I went to my father's home to spend a week. Father and mother were indeed pleased when they found we had come down to make them a visit, for we did not often do this. But when they found that while we were visiting I expected to spend a part of the time selling books, there was great objection. My father hated a book agent. He would not let one enter his home, and that his daughter should turn book agent was too much. The rest of the family thought that I would disgrace them if I went out to sell books. They would be ashamed to meet anybody while I was engaged in such work as this.

I listened to their objections and tried to show them that it was my duty, and that I was burdened for this work. They were willing to keep the children, but objected greatly to my going out as a canvasser. If I wanted to visit the old neighbors, that would be all right.

After they found they could not dissuade me, I started from home, brave and determined. But after I had gone a short distance my courage failed. I got down on my knees and prayed earnestly to God. It was indeed a great task to go out as a book agent against the wishes of my friends; to meet people as a canvasser was a new experience and not a pleasant one. I was almost tempted to go back to father's, take my children, and return to my own home. But while I was praying to God, the text came to me, "He that putteth his hand to the plow and

turneth back, is not worthy of me." This gave me a determination to go on. I prayed for help that I might find favor in the eyes of the people and that I might dispose of my books.

I went on, visiting old friends and acquaintances. They were all glad to see me; I had a very pleasant day and returned with six orders for my book. My people were much surprised at this. I went out each day, with equal success. By the time the week was over, there was a change of opinion in my father's home. The family became reconciled to my book-selling and rejoiced in my success.

I returned to my home with a good report. The church began to ask me to sell their books. One sister said she would keep house for me while I sold hers. My father-in-law offered me a horse and buggy with which to travel if I would sell his. It was finally planned that I should sell books and help the church raise their share of the indebtedness in this way. The Lord wonderfully blessed us. I had good experiences and sold many books. When I came up to camp-meeting, I found that there was just one minister in the state, Elder T. H. Jeys, now of the South, later of South Dakota, who had sold more books than I.

This was a good experience. While I was canvassing for "Christ's Object Lessons", ladies would listen when I told the beautiful story of the Gospel. Often at the close of my canvass we all knelt in prayer to the God in heaven to help us to live better Christian lives.

From that time on, as long as the "Christ's Object Lesson" campaign lasted, I never went without at least one or two books in my possession, ready to sell. I was able to sell hundreds of "Christ Object Lessons" in



Iowa and Oklahoma. I would not part with the experience learned in this work for anything. It has been one of the sweet experiences of my life. I owe much of my Christian growth to my work with this splendid book.

## CHAPTER VIII

## EXPERIENCES IN A WYOMING MINING CAMP

When I returned from the Nebraska Sanitarium I found that Mr. Sype had laid plans for moving to Wyoming. After much talk and much persuasion I was induced to go to Higby, a mining camp six miles from the city of Sheridan, Wyoming.

Mr. Sype found it necessary to go first, and this left all the packing and shipping for me. This was a great task, as I was not very strong and my heart was not in the move as it should be to make moving interesting. At last we were ready to go. Father Sype took us to the train and I began the first long trip I had ever taken. With my three children and the baggage, I had my hands full. My little boys stayed close by my side and we arrived safely at our destination.

I shall never forget the beautiful scenery and the snow-capped mountains that greeted my sight when I got off the train at Sheridan. It looked as if it were only a short distance to these mountains, but it was much farther than it seemed.

Mr. Sype was at the depot to meet us. We went at once to Higby, to the little miner's shanty we were to call home. It was a great change from our pleasant country farm home, with the beautiful green lawn and trees, to the bleak, barren coal-camp. There were children in that camp who had never seen an ear of corn, and to whom an apple tree was an unknown luxury. Oh, how



many times I wished I could gather up these children and turn them loose in an Iowa apple orchard about the time apples were ripe. It was hard to adapt ourselves to the surroundings of a mining-camp.

The needs of the people began to appeal to me. I saw that many of them were without hope or God in the world, and I began to wonder what I could do for them. I started a little family Sabbath school. Most of the time we were the only Christians in the camp, but we invited our neighbors' children, and sometimes we had as many as thirty-five children in the Sabbath school. I frequently took Anna in her buggy and went from house to house, leaving tracts and speaking kindly to the people. At times I had to lean on the buggy for support, as I was not very strong, but the Lord gave me strength for the day and I always came back home refreshed and happy.

When winter came on, measles broke out among the children. Our boys also contracted the disease. I nursed them and all was going nicely when our supply of coal gave out. I could not get out to procure more, and the company failed to deliver any. I, therefore, took the children and went to bed. Anna was not pleased with this. She was not ill enough to stay contentedly in bed. She tumbled around and took cold and the measles settled in her throat. For three months I scarcely had her out of my arms. She would choke when lying down so I had to keep her head up continually. Sometimes it seemed she would choke to death. The day she was a year old my sister sent her some presents, a little pair of shoes and some other articles of clothing. The neighbors thought she would be buried in them. They were drinking people and thought whiskey was a "cure all."

They believed that I ought to give her a little whiskey, but I was determined not to use it. I said, "Not one drop of whiskey can go down my child's throat with my consent." I knew God would not let my child die for want of a little whiskey. I hated the intemperance I saw around me and determined to hold on to God's arm by faith. I wondered why my children were sick, but found God knew best. After the people saw that my baby lived they wanted me to attend their children. I was sent for so often that they began to call me "doctor." I never lost a case.

The next summer the babies of the camp were taken sick with cholera infantum. I was called out nearly every day and night, and the parents had great faith in my ability to help them. When Anna was sick I asked the neighbors to come in once a week, in the afternoon, and we would spend the time piecing quilt blocks or sewing. As I could not sew while I was caring for my baby, I would hold her in my arms with her little head resting on my shoulder, and read to the women while they worked. We began with three women in attendance, but the number increased until the room would hardly hold the people. We continued our sewing, and from the proceeds we sometimes had as much as fifty dollars in the treasury. We supplied the children with "Youth's Instructors" and "Little Friends," and we also bought a number of songbooks, and helped some poor and needy people.

Mr. Sype could not long endure the work in the mine, so he secured employment from the same company, for which wages were paid by the day. His wages were not high. There were five in our family and his wages were all we had to live on. One day I was talking to the



superintendent of the camp. He said, "Well, Mr. Sype shall have work, but I expect him to work on Saturday during the harvest time." I said, "Never. Now, Mr. Kenedy, if you dismiss Mr. Sype because of unfaithfulness in any way, I shall feel badly, but if you dismiss him for Sabbath-keeping, we shall go out of the camp rejoicing, even if we have to go out afcrot, as I will believe my work is finished here." He answered, "Remember you have some children to support." I said, "Yes, and we will do all we can to support them, but never will we break one of God's commandments to do so." He looked at me. I said: "Some people steal horses to support their families. That is no worse than stealing God's time." The subject was dismissed.

I went home, uncertain what would happen, but determined to be true to God. Mr. Sype came home as usual Friday evening, in time to wash and get ready for the Sabbath. We gathered for family prayer and kept the Sabbath according to the commandment. Mr. Sype did not do any work for the company until Sunday morning. This was continued until the harvest had passed. Mr. Sype was never called upon to work on the Sabbath, and when we left the camp the superintendent told us that as long as we would stay there we should have work.

One day, one of our neighbors, who had been kind to us, gave a party. She invited all the ladies of the camp. When she invited me she informed me there would be beer drinking, but that she would also have lemonade for the ladies who did not care for beer. I wondered what I ought to do, and after thinking the situation over concluded to show the ladies I did not feel above them. The beer was passed and all but myself and one other

lady took a glass. A Mrs. Kelly, who was notorious for her drinking, looked at me and said, "Poor Mrs. Sype is not free to drink what she chooses." I answered, "I do not need your pity; I am happy." The beer was passed again, and again Mrs. Kelly said, "Poor Mrs. Sype drinks no beer and is losing much pleasure." I said, "I beg your pardon; I am the happiest woman in this camp. When pay-day comes I am not compelled, because of appetite, to spend for beer money that is needed for food and clothing. I am a free woman—you are the woman that is in bondage." The ladies all became interested by this time and one said: "Mrs. Sype, I believe you are a free woman." I then gave a talk on temperance and there was no more beer drinking at that party. I went home happy, feeling that God had given me a victory.

On another occasion, Mr. Sype and I spent an evening with a neighbor. When we entered the home we found six people engaged in a good old-fashioned beer-drinking party. One man said, "Mrs. Sype, take a glass of beer." The others reproved him at once, and one said, "Are you not ashamed of yourself to offer her beer?" We soon changed the conversation to religious subjects and after a short time we began to sing. Mr. Sype had his songbook with him and these people were good singers. We sang religious songs. They insisted upon our staying until late in the evening, but there was no more beer drinking while we were there. Some one said to me, "How can you live here with so much drinking going on around you?" I replied, "The beer drinking is indeed sad, but the people never come near me while they are drinking. They are as quiet and peaceable as can be. When I go to the store where they



are having a 'big time' all is quiet until I leave. They never come to our home while they are intoxicated. I feel only sorrow for them when I see how strong a hold the drink habit has upon them. The influence of drink is indeed sad."

One day a number of men bought a keg of beer and locked it up for future use. The young boys of the camp learned about the hidden beer, unlocked the door, took the beer and drank it. I was told that it was not an uncommon thing for women to be carried home drunk, but these same women were very careful not to drink or to speak in my presence of their drinking.

One day, while a lady was visiting me, she said, "Oh, Mrs. Sype, I wish I knew how to pray!" I asked her, "Did you never pray?" She said, "No; I have never heard a prayer in my home. My mother never prayed but at times I have a longing for something higher than this life. I wish I were a good Christian. Will you teach me to pray?" We had prayer. I studied the Bible with this lady and she began to realize what it was to live for her family. Her home became more pleasant than it had ever been in the past, because she gave up her hard drinking, as did her husband.

A lady who had a drinking husband, and five children to work for, and who was very poor, told me the next summer after Anna had recovered from her sickness that she did not know how she could have lived through the winter that had just passed if she had not made her visits to my home. She said she was often burdened over her situation and rebellious over her lot; then she would come and see how I was struggling on, taking care of my sick baby and trying to keep patient, and not complain. Then she would go home determined to be more patient and kind to her family.

That made me realize that the Scriptures are indeed true. The text that says, "And we know all things work together for good to those that love the Lord and are called according to His purpose," seemed more precious than ever.

We appointed one night in the week for singing. Each Thursday night our little home would be crowded with men and women who came to spend the evening singing. We sang the good old songs concerning the coming of the Lord, trust in God, and such good Adventist songs as we all knew. This had a great effect on the camp. The people went to their work and came from it, singing religious songs, a great change from their former custom.

The wife of the superintendent of the camp invited me to her home one day. She told me she wanted to thank me for what I was doing for the people. She said her husband could see a great improvement in them.

That summer the directors of the school district asked me to teach the spring term. An old lady living near us said she would keep Anna during school hours. James and Ross could be with me. My anxiety to help the people and our need of money caused me to consent to teach this term of school. We had a pleasant time. The children loved and respected me, obeyed in every way, and except for the occurrence mentioned elsewhere, the trouble caused by an unruly boy, we spent a very pleasant time together.

I was also asked to take charge of the Sunday school. I consented to this, thinking that perhaps I could get some to come to Sunday school who could not come to Sabbath school. The parents of the camp were very anxious that their children should be under good influence. The people of one family especially were worldly and



rough. They loved their beer. The father usually went fishing on Sunday, but he wanted his children in Sabbath and Sunday school, so on Sunday Mr. Brown would send Johnnie to Sunday school, as he supposed, but he himself would go fishing. One Sunday he and his wife thought they would come to Sunday school, and when they came they found Johnnie was not there. He said, "Mrs. Sype, hasn't Johnnie been coming to Sunday school?" I replied, "No; he has not been coming for a number of weeks." He answered, "Why, we sent him." We found afterwards that Johnnie liked fishing as well as father, so while his father went fishing in one direction, Johnnie went in another. The best way to teach children right, is to do right yourself. Children are likely to imitate their parents. So when papa went fishing, Johnnie fished, too.

The people of the camp did everything they could for us. At one time the boarding house proprietors found themselves without an overseer. The superintendent of the camp came to me and asked me if I would come and fill this vacancy until they had time to find someone. I told them I should have to take my children and Mr. Sype to board there also. He said, "Go ahead." We all boarded there, but I found the people were not in a hurry to find some one else to take my place. I did not feel that the surroundings were good for the children, still I kept staying, supposing that we would at least earn part of our board. At last I felt so burdened concerning the surroundings for my children that I told the superintendent that he must find someone to take my place, as I was only working until he found somebody. When they sent me a statement, to my surprise they had allowed me six dollars a week and the board for all my family. This was indeed a help to us at that time and I appreci-

ated it very much. I would have remained here, but I knew that the spiritual welfare of my family was worth more than dollars and cents.

We had remained in camp about a year, and had learned to love the people more than ever, but the work was hard for Mr. Sype, and his father was writing for us to come back to Iowa, so after considering our children's welfare and Mr. Sype's condition of health, we concluded that the best thing to do was to go back to Iowa.

I shall never forget the sorrow among the camp people when they found that we intended to leave them. The children, the older people — all seemed to be sorry that we were going away. We had spent many happy days working for the sick and praying for and with mothers that were burdened; and the little Sabbath school had commenced to grow. A few had begun to keep the Sabbath and we were able to leave some witnesses for the present truth at this place. After our departure, we received many letters, but we suppose that by this time the people that then were there are scattered. In the kingdom of God, we hope to meet some from the Higby, Wyoming, mining-camp.



## CHAPTER IX

OWNING AN IOWA FARM. STRUGGLE IN  
GIVING IT UP

When we came back to Iowa, Father Sype met us and rejoiced in our return home. Father and mother were living on their farm in Sand Creek township, Union County, Iowa, and we went at once to their home.

We had not been home long when father informed us that he was planning to buy a farm for us. This was glad news indeed. Owning a home of our own seemed too good to be true. Father spent the winter looking at farms. At last he purchased one. It was a little farm of seventy-eight acres, with fruit trees, flowers, large shade trees, a beautiful yard, and everything homelike.

How thankful I was to move to this little home the next spring. I said we would never move again until the Lord came.

In a short time we procured some cows, horses and chickens, and began farm life in earnest. I enjoyed this place—the quiet rest, the children care-free and happy. They did not have to be watched every moment to be out of bad company. They could run and play at leisure. Surely this was a blessing. I used to go alone among the trees and there on my knees thank God for our blessings.

One day, while I was praying, I said, "God, all we have and are is yours." At this an impression came over me, so strong that I knew it was from God—and the still, small voice whispered, "And would you sell?" I

stopped praying. "Sell this little home—move again—go away I know not where—O, Lord surely this will not be." Again the impression came, "And would you sell?" I had told the Lord that all we were and had was His. I dared not refuse this. "Yes, Lord, we would sell," but I hoped in my heart that this would not be.

It was not long before a family who had moved to Oklahoma began to write letters containing extravagant expressions describing the possibilities of that country. Mr. Sype began to think how much more he could do in Oklahoma with the money he had than he could do where we were. We had laid plans to build a new house and had the money for it. He said, "We can build a house on a larger piece of land and have more work for the boys, than if we stay here and build on this small farm." I continually thought of my prayer. I did not like Oklahoma. I hated moving, and we were just getting where we felt somewhat independent. We had our own chickens, eggs, milk, butter, vegetables, and fruit in abundance. It seemed to me to be too good to give up.

After we had discussed the question and talked a great deal, I told Mr. Sype that only under the following conditions would I consent: First, that his father would give his consent — this I did not think he would do, as Mr. Sype was the only son and his parents never were satisfied when he was away from them; Second, that he should sell the farm for more than we had given and that the whole amount should be cash. I thought that this would be impossible, so I let it rest on these conditions.

I often thought of my prayer, and wondered if it was contrary to God's will for me to live in this pleasant



home. We were laying plans to build, and one day, while we were away looking for lumber and workmen, one of our neighbors called at our home. On our return the children informed us that this neighbor wanted to buy the farm. My prayer came to my mind, also the test. I again repeated, "Under these conditions only will we sell." I soon learned that the neighbor wanted our farm to finish his quarter section. Mr. Sype told him the price. He also asked his father what he thought about his selling. To my surprise his father said, "It may be better for you to get more land, and you can get more land for your money in Oklahoma. It might be a wise move."

Mr. Sype went back to the neighbor and told him what he would do, and before the end of three days our farm was sold, the cash was in hand, and Mr. Sype was preparing to go to Oklahoma.

This was indeed a trying circumstance. I prayed to God for submission. Everything on the farm seemed precious to me. We had a fine flock of chickens, one hundred and twenty-five hens, twenty ducks, a good team of horses, and some cows. We thought we would ship all these to our new home, and so we chartered a car. Mr. Sype and my father went with this car.

O, how I prayed for strength to give up this farm! I felt that in giving it up I burned all bridges behind me, and I resolved never again to set my foot on this ground which seemed so precious.

It was decided that I remain in Union County with the children until after camp meeting, as Mr. Sype said there would be nothing but "dugouts" in the part of the country to which he was going, and he was afraid that we would get sick and die changing climate and

going to such a poor place to live. Accordingly I took a room in Afton. Father Sype furnished me a horse and buggy, and I spent the few weeks remaining before we left selling "Christ's Object Lessons", visiting our friends, and preparing for campmeeting. When I went to campmeeting at Des Moines, Iowa, it was with the intention of going from there directly to Oklahoma.

We had a good campmeeting. That spring, Elder L. F. Starr was elected president of the Iowa Conference for the first time.



## CHAPTER X

### MOVE TO OKLAHOMA

I left all the good Iowa friends and took the train at Des Moines for Weatherford, Oklahoma. With me were our three children and the little son of W. L. Manfull, who expected to come to Oklahoma soon.

When I counted my money and arranged to go, I calculated to keep only enough money to carry me through the campmeeting, to purchase the tickets, and to pay our expenses on the train to Oklahoma. But our train was delayed, and when we reached El Reno, Oklahoma, I found that my pocketbook was nearly empty; indeed, I did not have enough money left to buy our tickets to Weatherford. But I had some books. I left Mr. Manfull's little boy and two of my children at the hotel, and took one of my boys with me, as he could remember the directions better than I could. We started out to sell some books, to finish paying our way. I worked hard, for I did not want to spend the night in El Reno. After some hard work I succeeded in obtaining the necessary amount of money to purchase our tickets to Weatherford.

I thought my anxiety would be over when I reached Weatherford, as I expected to meet Mr. Sype with plenty of money. I thought we would then have a good night's rest before beginning our trip across the country to our new home.

When I got off the train at Weatherford, my father was there to meet me. About the first words he said

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were, "Have you any money?" I replied, "No." He explained, "While I was waiting for the train, I was robbed. I had nine dollars in my pocket, but somebody has robbed me." There we were in Weatherford, Oklahoma, penniless, hundreds of miles from friends, and with four little children, who were all weary from their journey. What were we to do? My father had already placed his team in a wagon yard and had fed it, before going to the train. He also had some crackers and nuts left from his lunch. I gave the children these crackers and nuts for their supper, and arranged for them to sleep on some hay in the wagon yard, in one of the sheds. At last, when all was quiet and the children were sleeping, I, too, lay down upon the hay to rest. The thought came to me, "Our Saviour was born in a place like this. You are no better than your Saviour." This was a comfort to me, — to think that my Saviour knew all about this. I soon was asleep with the children.

The next morning we arose bright and early. In my satchel I found a little sum of money that I did not know I had. We purchased a few crackers for the children, and then started on our journey of thirty-five miles across the country to our new home. At noon we stopped at Arapaho. There we let the horses graze. I bought a cup of coffee for my father and gave the children a few more crackers, but there was nothing for me. We hitched up the team and started on. We had gone many miles over the prairie road, when my father said he believed we were lost. This was too much for me. The children and I began to cry, for we felt lonely on the broad prairie of Oklahoma, with nothing to eat and night coming on. After a while my father said he heard hounds in the distance, and as he knew where they kept hounds, he

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followed in the direction of the sound and soon found his way again. We reached home at nine o'clock at night. Mr. Sype had supper ready for us, and we were indeed glad to be at home.

Mr. Sype had built a fine little house. I said again that we were settled until the Lord should come. Mr. Sype had planned a pleasant reading room for me, for he knew I loved books and study. I was pleased with his plan for our home, and could not help but be cheered by the bright prospects before us. A hundred and sixty acres of land, a nice little cottage, a good team, a fine flock of chickens, ducks, farming implements, household goods and buggies — it looked as though we could indeed live independently. Mr. Sype had paid one thousand dollars for this land, most of which was under cultivation, with a fine crop growing on it. It was all fenced. Everyone said he had found a bargain, and so it seemed.

Mr. Sype spent the time in improving the farm, I in arranging the home to make it pleasant and in teaching the children. We had resolved that we would settle a long distance from any other Seventh-day Adventist, as that would give us a chance to live the truth before those who knew nothing of it; so we were thirteen miles from the nearest church of our own faith. After we had settled there, we heard of a few Seventh-day Adventists about seven miles away. Our first Sabbath in our new home was spent organizing a little family Sabbath-School. All went well. We supposed we were now to live a quiet, pleasant life, training our children, doing what good we could to those around us, and preparing to meet our Lord.

Our pleasant prospects continued until one day in July when the corn was looking its best and everything was looking green, a hot wind began to blow, the higher the

sun, the hotter the wind. For three days this hot wind continued, and at the end of that time the crops were all fairly cooked. By August the conditions were such that we had to begin to feed the cows. We had to feed the horses on broom-cornseed, and kaffir corn, and they were not used to this food. The chickens were not used to such a windy place, and the wolves liked to prey upon them, so between the wind and the wolves, and the lack of proper feed, our chickens began to die or disappear. The ducks were changed from nice white ducks to dirty, messy, dusty-looking creatures. One of our cows died. The others became very poor. The team depreciated in value to such an extent that before spring we had to sell it for fifty dollars. We were thirty-five miles from a railroad. We had no fuel except what was shipped in. That winter was indeed a hard one. Most of our neighbors were worse off than we were. Our only comfort was in talking and thinking of the truth. From a worldly viewpoint our prospects were not flattering. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord."



## CHAPTER XI

### LED TO PUBLIC WORK

As our worldly prospects vanished, we were brought nearer to God. When we came in contact with our neighbors, we tried to comfort them. We told them that they must expect such things as these, because the end of all things is at hand. This aroused their interest. We were glad to get something to do to keep our minds off our troubles. I began to receive invitations to talk to the people about the Bible. I was asked to talk to the people Sunday morning after Sunday school. At times some would come for Mr. Sype, the children, and me, to spend the day. The interest in Bible study kept increasing, and ere long the superintendent of the Sunday school and his wife were keeping the Sabbath. Other neighbors also began its observance.

When we saw the run-down condition of our stock, it made us heartsick, but we praised God for the increasing interest in the truth. During the winter we were obliged to burn cow chips for fuel, and live on white beans and such other articles of food as we could arrange for. We found it necessary to sell, at almost any price, one thing after another, to sustain life until spring. Others suffered the same privations; but during the winter season we had a church ready for organization. These poor people were glad to hear the news of the coming of the Lord and accepted the truth more readily than if they had been prosperous.

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We called for the president of the conference to come and organize what was then known as the Gip, Oklahoma, Church. Today it is known as the Butler, Oklahoma, Church. I had worked long and hard without a thought of being paid for it, but to my surprise, one day a letter came with a check for twenty-five dollars from the Oklahoma S. D. A. Conference. This twenty-five dollars was a great help at just that time.

Toward spring the president of the Oklahoma Conference asked Mr. Sype and me if we would go to work for the conference. We talked over the situation. Our team was gone; our cows were gone; we had but few chickens and ducks left. My sister had come to Oklahoma, and she offered to stay with the children. Mr. Sype said, "Mamma, if you go into this work, I will stand by you and do what I can. I can sing and open the meetings, and you can tell the people the truth." I studied and prayed over the situation. It seemed to be a call from God.

The Ruth church was located about thirteen miles from our home, and the brethren invited me over to help them. This was my first call away from home. I was furnished with a horse and buggy so that I might travel back and forth. The horse was an Oklahoma horse, and was used to living on burnt grass and kaffir corn. One day I took the children and went over to Ruth to meet with the little church in prayer meeting. When I arrived at the home of one of the brethren, he said, "Sister Sype, I wish you would give us a study on the law of God this evening." I told him I could never do that, but he replied, "You must. Some of our people are getting discouraged. The preacher, who has been here, has been trying to tear down the law, and we want



you to explain this subject." "Well," I said, "if that is what the Lord wants me to do, I do not want to refuse, but I am afraid I cannot do it justice." He said, "I am going to put Frankie on a horse and let him go around and tell the neighbors, and I want you to get ready to talk on the subject."

I went down into a big canyon close to his home. I prayed and studied. The burden for souls rested upon me. I felt my inability, and cried to God. That night a houseful was ready to hear. I did the best I could. God gave me freedom, and the attention of the people. They asked me to come back. I promised to come back in two weeks. They also told me on what subject they wanted me to talk. I went home, determined to study hard and prepare for the next visit. When I came back, I found a large number of people gathered.

After the meeting, a young lady came up to me and spoke about my sermon. This was the first time it had entered my head that I was really preaching. People began to call for me to come here and there to hold meetings. I was called the "woman preacher." This was a great trial, for I had never admired a woman preacher. One day, when I was praying over the situation, the mountains of opposition, public criticism, and adverse public opinion, that would have to be met, came up before me. I was in great despair and cried, "O Lord, I never can do this." But while I was crying and praying to God, a strong impression came over me — I knew it was from God — "My grace is sufficient." I got up from my knees, determined to do whatsoever my hands found to do and leave the result with God. However I was criticized, I would not refuse the call of God.

Early in my work I had an experience that shows the attitude taken by some people toward women evangelists. When we moved to Oklahoma, one of our nearest neighbors was a Christian minister. I tried to make friends with the family, and the wife and children were very neighborly, but when the minister found that I was carrying this message to the people, he began to follow my work, talking against the truth, and emphasizing the fact that a woman has no right to speak in public. He was so bold and radical that it gave me some anxiety to know just how to deal with him.

I prayed earnestly over the situation, asking God to help me know just what to do. At this time the president of the conference came out to our place and brought with him Elder Matthew Larson. I laid the matter before them, and Elder Larson said he would like to meet the minister. He was invited to hear Elder Larson, and at once made bold to challenge the "whole Advent world" for a discussion. Elder Larson accepted at once. The debate, however, was very brief. The Christian minister debated only three nights, and the last night of the three he used only a part of his time, giving Elder Larson the remainder. After this experience I supposed that the minister would keep his place; but, to my surprise, as soon as our ministers were gone, he returned to his old work of visiting the people and trying to tear down my work.

About this time the Methodist minister also became much aroused because some of his flock had begun the observance of the Sabbath. One Sunday he came out to the schoolhouse and spoke against Seventh-day Adventists. At the close of his remarks, I arose and announced that I would review him that night. At this the Christian



minister arose and informed me that he had the schoolhouse engaged for that night. Some one in the audience proposed that he divide the time with me, but he informed them that he would never talk in public with a woman, and that women had no right to speak in public. I told them to let the brother have the schoolhouse that night, for I could find plenty of people to listen to me without taking any one's time. I then announced that I would review both the Methodist and the Christian minister the following night.

We went to the schoolhouse early Monday evening, and found the house already well filled. The people could not find even standing room. The doors were thrown open. The Methodist minister was not present. I invited the Christian minister to the front seat. After opening the meeting with song and prayer, I announced that I had tried to make peace with my brother, the minister, but found that nothing but a public answer to his opposition would suffice, so now I was ready to defend myself as a woman. I said, "I got my commission from Jesus Himself. He commissioned Mary after His resurrection to go and tell the brethren that He had risen." I continued, "I am following in Mary's footsteps, telling the people that He is coming again. Paul, in the sixteenth chapter of Romans, recommends a number of women workers, especially Phebe, whom he asks the church to assist." I also told them that Priscilla and Aquila were Paul's co-laborers in the gospel, and that at one time Paul sent a brother to them, that they might more fully teach him the way to eternal life. The Bible mentions the following women leaders: Miriam, who assisted Moses; Deborah, who led the forces of Israel; Anna, who was a prophetess in the house of God. Philip had four daughters who

prophesied. Others might be mentioned. It is true that women are told in a certain chapter to keep silence in case of confusion, but in the same chapter, men are told to keep silence on certain occasions. I also quoted Acts 2: 17, 18 and told my brother in the ministry that he was behind the times; that all civilization was coming to realize that woman is to be man's help-meet in every good work. God created woman to stand by the side of man. He did not take a part of man's feet to create woman, to show that he should rule over her. Neither did he take a part of man's brain, to show that woman should rule over the man; but he took a rib from his side, showing that she should stand by his side, that they should work together to advance the cause of right in the world. I said, "In heathen countries you find women spoken evilly of and down-trodden, treated as inferiors; but the more enlightened the country, the more respectfully you will find women treated. I came to Oklahoma only to be a blessing to mankind. I settled by this neighbor, my fellow-minister, expecting only to be a blessing to the cause of Christ, but, to my surprise, instead of being treated as a lady should be treated, as a co-worker, as a helper in the advancement of the work of God, I have been treated as heathen women are treated."

By this time the minister was looking down and would not raise his head. I continued to appeal to his manhood, to his principles as a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, until some of the people were crying and some laughing. I closed by wishing the minister well and trusting that we might from this on be friends. The appeal was a success. From that time on the minister never publicly opposed me in my work. As long as



we lived side by side he was friendly and a good neighbor.

After I had talked to the Christian members, I turned my attention to the Methodist minister's talk on the law of God. I spoke concerning the truthfulness of God's word, showing that Christ was with the Father in the creation of the world. It was Christ who kept the first Sabbath with the Father. It was Christ who created the Sabbath. I also quoted Psalms 19 : 7; Matthew 5 : 17, 18; Luke 4 : 16, and other Scriptures showing that it was not Christ's business to destroy the perfect truth, but to keep the law, which man had failed to keep. Man is to follow in the footsteps of Christ. Christ kept the law. He has made it possible for us to be law-keepers. Rev. 22: 14 says, "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life and enter in through the gates into the city."

After I had reviewed both ministers, the people began to ask questions. The Lord gave me freedom in answering. The meeting lasted until about eleven o'clock and brought great victory to present truth at that place. The interest kept increasing. The superintendent of the Sunday school began to keep the Sabbath. Others also united with us at this place.

## CHAPTER XII

### EARLY EVANGELISTIC WORK IN OKLAHOMA

The instances related in the previous chapter all occurred near our home in Custer County, Oklahoma. The following spring an urgent call came to Mr. Sype and me from a small village in the southern part of Dewey County, which joined Custer on the north. The invitation was from an isolated family living near the village.

We left the children with my sister, Myrtle, and went to this place to stay a few weeks. We traveled the twenty-five miles with a horse and buggy as there were no railroads in that part of the country.

On reaching the place, our first effort was to engage a schoolhouse in which to hold the meetings. The directors consented that we should hold the meetings, but informed us that we would not want the schoolhouse long, as the people were very rough and had run out every preacher that came there. They said that the boys would fire guns around the house, and sit in the back of the room and play cards and smoke while the minister was speaking. But believing that God had sent us, we engaged the schoolhouse and trusted Him to take care of the people and give us strength to tell them what we believed to be the truth of God. As we drove past a place where some men were breaking colts, we announced the meeting. They looked at each other, laughed and made some remark; but we had done our duty and we drove on.



The night of the first meeting all that were present were the brother and sister with whom we were staying, three young people, Mr. Sype, and I. It was a rainy evening. Before the meeting was over, the rain came down in torrents. The afore-named brother and sister, Mr. Sype, and I did not leave the schoolhouse until four o'clock in the morning. It was a long, weary wait. This was a very poor beginning, but we were determined not to give up. We called on the people, invited them to the meetings, and our congregations began to increase. Each night we could see a decided improvement. This was the first time we had ever tried to follow a systematic study of the prophecies in public. The storekeeper of the village offered Mr. Sype and me a room to call our own. Many an hour I spent in this room studying and praying, trying to form an intelligent connection of the prophecies, to present at night. When evening came, a full house would be waiting for us. In fact, the crowds grew to such an extent that the house could not hold the people. There was standing room only, and as the evenings grew warmer, we opened the windows so that those standing outside could hear through the windows. As I entered the schoolhouse where all were quiet and I went forward to kneel in prayer, the burden for souls rested upon me. I would feel as though my strength was not sufficient, but I cried to God, and the assurance came back, "My grace is sufficient."

At no time was it necessary to rebuke anyone for misconduct. The schoolhouse was so very quiet that the slightest sound could be heard.

Our work for the remainder of that summer, the following winter and the next summer, was confined to the towns of Dewey County, including the county seat,

a village located on the bank of the Canadian river and thirty-five miles from a railroad. As there was no railroad in the entire county, supplies were hauled from Custer City, a town in Custer County.

The conference shipped us a gospel tent in which to hold meetings. At one small country place, where we held meetings, forty-two united with the church.

While we were in this part of the country, the state campmeeting was held at Deever, a distance of about seventy-five miles. With some other Adventists we made this trip in a covered wagon. This was a very common way of traveling in Oklahoma.

At this meeting I was granted a ministerial license. After returning from the campmeeting, we pitched our tent in the village first mentioned in this chapter and held another series of meetings. Great interest was manifested. Nearly the entire country favored us, and a few accepted the truth. From this place we hauled our tents ten miles farther inland to the county seat and held a series of meetings there. While we were engaged in this effort, we received word from the first village that a Baptist minister had become much enraged and was going forth with great wrath to show that I had taught heresy in their midst. He made his boast that he would prove that "that woman" had taught heresy and that the Adventists were frauds from beginning to end. He pitched a tent and he, with his daughter and son-in-law, both ministers, started his tirade. The people from the village sent for me at once. I determined to stand my ground. The minister challenged me for a debate. I refused to talk to him privately, but had the business men of the village present while we drew up the agreement for a discussion. I asked him to draw up an



agreement on the Sabbath question but he declined, stating that he wanted to prove that we were preaching heresy from beginning to finish. I then asked him if he would discuss the following proposition: I to affirm that the Seventh-day Adventists teach the truth and nothing but the truth, and he to deny. He agreed to this.

The announcement was sent out. At the beginning of the discussion, the tent could not nearly hold the people who came from far and near. It fell to my lot to open the discussion. When I arose, I announced to the people that this discussion would last about three months, as it would take me that long to tell what Seventh-day Adventists believed. My subject the first night was faith. I told the people that it was impossible to believe God without faith. Faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God. I told them we were only trying to give people the word of God and thereby to increase their faith. After I had talked about an hour on the subject of faith, I said: "Now it is the brother's business to show that we are teaching heresy from beginning to finish."

The minister arose and was of course at a loss to know what to answer, but soon he began his tirade on Seventh-day Adventists, stating that they had set the time for the end of the world in 1844. He dwelt for some time on William Miller and his work, making light of and ridiculing the Seventh-day Adventists.

In my reply, I informed the people that William Miller was a good man, but like most men he had made mistakes; that while he was a Baptist, he brought some light and truth to the world, but that Seventh-day Adventists did not have anything to do with the disappointment of 1844, as Seventh-day Adventists had not at that time begun their work or mission in the world.

This was a great disappointment to my brother minister, and of course caused the people no little amusement. Thus ended the first night of our three months' discussion.

The second evening, I took for my first half-hour's talk, the subject of prayer, showing that we must pray — seek God with our whole hearts. If we would come to God He would in no wise cast us off. This again gave the brother some trouble in trying to show that we were teaching heresy from beginning to finish, but he soon began discussing the health principles of Seventh-day Adventists, the eating of pork, etc.

When I arose I said that Seventh-day Adventists did believe in health. The Lord says, "I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health." He wants us to be very careful in the use of that which would defile the temple of God, because our bodies are His temple. I then began to show how wicked it was for any minister of the Gospel to use the filthy weed, tobacco. This, of course, was a little hard on my tobacco-loving brother. I also quoted Scriptures concerning pork and the filthy swine, and said I believed the Lord knew what He was talking about when He said that pork was not fit to be used as food.

At the end of this second evening, I announced that my leading subject for the next night would be the Origin, History, and Destiny of Satan. At this the Baptist brother jumped to his feet and said that if I was going to talk about the devil, he would not be there. I arose and said, "We have only spent two evenings of our three months' discussion, and I do not want to see my brother fail on the third evening." But he declined. The people begged him to go on, but it was of no avail. The discussion was closed, as I could not discuss alone. He



then declared that he was going to expose Seventh-day Adventists the next night in his tent. I told him that if he talked against Seventh-day Adventists, I would review him the following night. He said I could not talk in his tent. I told him I had a tent at the next town which could be brought down and pitched by the side of his. A number of men said they would get my tent and pitch it for me, but I told them to wait awhile, as I felt that the old brother was about to lose his hold.

The next night he preached against Seventh-day Adventists, to a very small congregation. For two nights he talked against us. The congregations grew smaller. On the last night his tent fell down. I do not know what caused his tent to fall, but I have an idea that the boys were indignant because he would not let me speak in the tent.

I had announced a review on Saturday night at the schoolhouse, but by that time the old brother had packed his tent, and he, with his daughter and son-in-law, had gone to parts unknown. When Saturday night came and the house was filled, I said, "When people are dead and buried, I do not believe in talking about them." I then changed my subject, and gave the people some good gospel truth. Thus ended the discussion at P.

After this little argument we returned to the town where our tent was located. At this place some Latter-day Saints had become interested in the meetings. This caused anxiety on the part of the Latter-day Saint minister. He began to oppose us. I reviewed him. He spoke principally against the law. I showed the people that the law of God was binding. The Lord has said that He would not alter the thing that had gone out of his lips; that He has commanded his covenant to a

thousand generations; that the Sabbath is to be the perpetual covenant to the house of Israel, and that all true overcomers were Israelites.

The meetings went on with increasing interest. Some Latter-day Saints were much interested and this caused the Latter-day Saints to bring reenforcements to oppose us. They persuaded an old gentleman, known as an Adventist fighter, old brother C., to come. I was very busy—I had closed my tent effort, and was holding meetings in the country. One day brother C. drove up to our humble home. He and his good wife came in. He introduced himself and I knew at once that trouble was brewing. I tried in every way to avoid a discussion, hoping to avoid any unpleasantness. He challenged me for a discussion. I told him I was in the position of the man on the load of hay. He was driving along when a man challenged him for a fight. He got down and whipped the man but had not gone far when another fellow came along and wanted a fight also, so he got down again and whipped the second man. He had barely gotten on the load again, when he was again challenged for a fight. This time he told his antagonist that if he got down to fight every fellow that came along he never would get anywhere with his hay. So I told the brother that if I left my work to fight every fellow that came along, I never would get anywhere with this great message that I was carrying to the world. But he was very determined. However I decided that I would never leave my meeting and interest to fight the brother. Finally he left the house, but when on the next Sabbath I came to the village to meet with the believers there, brother C. came determined to debate. We had a good meeting that day, but at the close of the meeting this brother arose and



announced his intention to oppose publicly Seventh-day Adventists, and appointed a meeting in the hall the next night for that purpose. I informed him that if that was his intention, I would review him Monday night. So I found myself again in the midst of a battle. The following Sunday night he told of his victory in dealing with Adventist people and how he had fought them in many places. He then began his opposition to the law and many other subjects which we hold dear on account of their being Bible truths. On the following night, I replied. He announced his intention to speak the next night. I was there taking notes so that I might reply to him. All at once he began in his talk to speak on the sun, moon, and other doctrines cherished by the Latter-day Saints. I asked him to wait a moment. I arose and told him that if it was just his Mormon doctrine that he was going to tell us about, that I did not care to take time to even oppose Joseph Smith and his abominable teachings, and that King James's translation was good enough for me. If the people wanted to sit and listen to Joseph Smith's "inspired" translation, I had no objection, I would simply go on my way teaching the word of God.

This was indeed a blow to brother C., as he did not like to hear his religion spoken of in such a way. So on the following night he spent his time in telling the people how much better Joseph Smith's inspired translation is than King James's translation. I spent my time in telling the people that the Bible was good enough for me, and of course the people all agreed with me. Brother C. saw he was losing ground. At the end of the seventh night, he said he could not afford to pay rent for the use of the hall any longer. I arose and said I would pay the

rent, but he concluded he could not accept the gift, so the discussion closed with a real victory for Seventh-day Adventists.

After this I continued the meetings for many weeks. Even during the harvest time great crowds would come. I often felt as if I had told all I knew, but when I saw the people hungering for more knowledge concerning the word of God, I would go over the ground in a little different way, appealing to the people to give their hearts to God. The result was that Elder G. F. Haffner, president of the Oklahoma Conference at the time, came in the month of July, baptized the believers and organized a little church. We held three series of meetings at this place, each time gaining new converts.

That fall my sister married. This left us no one who could care for the children so we decided to take them with us. We rented our claim to a brother who moved onto it the same fall. We then built a house on wheels, got a good team and started out with the whole family, as pilgrims, living in tents, looking for a city to come. We hauled our tent and goods from place to place, preaching to large crowds all over that western frontier country. Our first stopping place after starting out with the family, was out in the country, several miles from a town of any kind.

We pulled our wagon close to the schoolhouse, pitched the tent, and arranged to use the horse and buggy to visit with during the day, and to go to the schoolhouse with at night. I was indeed happy when I could have the children with me. But this happiness was not to last long. Ross, our eldest son, was now thirteen years old. I had resolved that my children should have something better than a public school education. I had



struggled along, rising early in the morning, teaching the children while I was doing the work, visiting in the afternoon, and holding meetings at night. I had decided that Ross should have more education than I was able to give him. So after praying and thinking the subject over, we resolved to send him to Keene, Texas, to school. We were holding meetings about thirty miles from Arapaho, our nearest railroad town, the county seat of Custer County. As it is located on the Frisco road, and as we had to send Ross over the Rock Island to make connections, we decided to take him to a little junction, Washata. This place consisted at that time of an old box car for a depot and a small shack for a section house, and was surrounded by Indian wigwams. I understand that there has been a great change since that time. A thriving town of some three thousand population, Clinton, now occupies the site.

One morning, bright and early, we started out for Arapaho to buy articles for Ross to take to school. We bought a suit, a trunk, a watch, and other things. The train left the lonely little junction, four miles farther on, about midnight. We drove to the junction, tied our horse and waited several hours in a little box car station for the train that was to take our boy to school. The train finally came and the boy was put on to take his first long journey alone. After the train had left we went to get the horse to go back home, but to our surprise he was not to be found. This meant that we must spend the night in the lonely, cold depot.

Early the next morning, I told Mr. Sype that I would go down to the section house near by and try to persuade the people to get me some breakfast, and then get back to Arapaho some way and from there on the

mail wagon go to my appointment, thirty miles away. Mr. Sype could then stay and look for the horse. On reaching the section house, I finally persuaded the people to let me eat breakfast, for which I paid. I then went to the main road to watch for some one to come along, with whom I might ride. I soon saw a wagon approaching with a big Indian driving. He was sitting on the spring seat and his squaw was sitting in the bottom of the wagon box back of him. I stopped him, determined to get to Arapaho if possible. I asked him to let me ride. He wanted to know much I would pay. I asked him how much he wanted; he demanded fifty cents. When I said it was too much, he said he would take two bits (twenty-five cents). I intended to pay the two bits rather than miss the ride, but when I told him it was too much, it made the squaw angry and she commanded him to drive on, so I was left standing in the road. After awhile a man came along and I rode with him to Arapaho for twenty-five cents. Before I got started with the mail wagon, Mr. Sype drove up with the horse and buggy. The horse had soon been found, as it had only wandered a short distance into the woods. We now started on our long trip back to our evening's appointment. It seemed to me we never would reach our destination. Toward evening it began to rain, and I was glad for this, as I knew then that there would be no meeting. We did not therefore make much effort to reach the place, and decided to stay over night with friends, returning home the next day to the broken family circle. We missed Ross very much.

We held meetings at different places and received encouraging letters from those we had labored for and had learned to love. I well remember one place where we



talked on the line of prophecies found in the book of Revelation. Everybody was attentive, and there was the best of order. We finished the subject and prepared to close the meeting, when some one asked, "Can you give us another sermon tonight?" I said, "I fear I will tire you." They replied, "No, we want you to talk again." So I took another line of prophecies. All sat quietly until I had talked another hour. So the work went on, and people accepted the truth. Crowds came to the meetings.

The following spring we were called to a small town in southern Oklahoma where my sister, Mrs. W. L. Manfull, lived. I was pleased to go to this place, as I knew the children would be glad to see their aunt again, who was almost as dear to them as their mother. Anna and I went on the train, Mr. Sype and James went with the horse and buggy, and Ross also came up from Keene, Texas. Once more I enjoyed the company of my family at my sister's home.

At this place we found a young man trying his best to hold an interest. He welcomed us and we began to assist him. We held meetings in a schoolhouse on the banks of Red River, where we could look over into Texas. People flocked from far and near to hear us. We had a great interest. We visited during the day, held meetings at night, and were busy every moment. It seemed that the whole country was going to become Seventh-day Adventists. When we went to campmeeting a great number had decided to obey, but on our return to this place we found many had proved "stony ground hearers". We held meetings through this part of the country until the coming fall; then we returned to Custer and Dewey Counties and visited believers there.

## CHAPTER XIII

### MOVE TO CENTRAL OKLAHOMA

After we had visited all the believers in the western counties and held some meetings with them, we decided to answer an urgent call from Woods County, central Oklahoma. A brother and his family who lived there had been writing to us and urging us to come.

Up to this time all our labors, except a few weeks on the Red River, had been in western Oklahoma. We were now about to leave those parts to move to a part of the state where there were more railroads and more improvements and facilities. Yet it was not without regret that we left the part of the country where we had labored so hard for nearly three years, traveling from place to place by wagon and undergoing the hardships of frontier life. We had learned to love the people. I have never seen a more loyal people than our brethren in Custer and Dewey Counties. They were ready at all times to entertain us and to co-operate in every enterprise for the advancement of the cause, and though they were located in a section often visited by drought, yet they did all they could both in a financial way and by their labors and prayers to advance the cause of truth.

The section to which we moved was an entirely different country from the one we left, being much more favored as to climate and soil, and was in fact an up-to-date country. We were only twenty miles from Enid, a city with a population of twelve thousand. Now it is, of



course, a great deal larger. The place where we located was in the country, only two miles from a town on one railroad and four miles from a town on another railroad, both roads going to Enid.

The trip from Dewey County to Woods County will be long remembered by the family. As Custer County was again visited by drought, our farm was bringing us no returns. The brother who rented it was not able to raise enough to pay the rent. We decided to sell our little house on wheels and leave our farm in the hands of the brother who had been farming it. As we were many miles from a railroad, we decided to go across the country to our future home. Ross and James went on horseback, Mr. Sype, Anna, and I in the buggy. We crossed the Canadian River and the same night came to a little trading point where no hotel was to be found, so we went to a feed shed and made our beds as best we could. As we had become used to frontier life, it did not seem so hard as the first night I spent in a feed yard.

We resumed our journey the next day, going through an Indian village. All was new and interesting to the boys. On one occasion we came to a stream. A big Indian and his family were there, ready to cross the stream, with a new buggy. He asked Ross and James to ride through the stream to see how deep the water was. They did so, but in some way they did not strike as deep water as the Indian did when he went in with his new buggy. The water was too deep to suit him, and he was vexed with the boys for not finding a better place.

We stopped at an Indian village where the government had established a school for the Indians. We watched the boys and girls coming home from school, looked at the beads and Indian relics, and then resumed our journey.

For several miles we saw no one except Indians. Now and then we passed a group of their wigwams.

The second night out, we found another trading post where we were surprised to find a family from Union County, Iowa, our old home. They were running a small store out in this country place. They made us welcome in their home for the night.

The next day we began to pass through railroad towns and things looked more prosperous. About nine o'clock the third evening we reached the home of the brother who had urged us to come up there. We found here a very fine Christian family, and we were made to feel at home. As the brother had a vacant house about one-half mile from his home, he let us live in it. We soon started a series of meetings in the schoolhouse. We used to meet in this brother's house in the afternoon for prayer, then go to the meeting and talk to crowds of people. The people came from far and near, and the schoolhouse was filled to overflowing. Those meetings continued until thirty-two were baptized and united with the church. We had many good experiences at this place and remained in the neighborhood for some time.

As this was a strong Methodist neighborhood and as many had united with us, the presiding elder was greatly displeased. Since his home was in the neighborhood and several of his relatives had become Adventists, he determined that I should enter a public discussion with him. Debating and public opposition were always distasteful to me, but after I had telegraphed for Elder Matthew Larson and had failed to get him, a member of the conference committee who was visiting us at the time, advised me to discuss with the minister. The time was set for a seven nights' debate — four nights on the



subject of the Sabbath, and three on the first day of the week. This man used Canright's and Gamble's theories. Those who know the position of these two men know that their theories do not agree. I placed their conflicting theories on the board, and then called the attention of the people to my brother laborer's efforts in trying to tear down the truth of God. I explained to them the truthfulness of God's Word, the position of the law and the Sabbath. The interest increased until neither the house nor the yard could hold the people. The Methodist people became very angry with me. I was informed one day, that I was going to get the benefit of some rotten eggs. I replied, "That is all right; it is a poor religion that could not stand a few rotten eggs." So that night I expected to meet this experience. The window was raised. The house was crowded. I had great peace and freedom. The Lord indeed came very near and I was happy to have the privilege of standing as a witness for present truth, even against opposition. The rotten eggs did not come.

On the evening when the Methodist minister affirmed the proposition of the first day of the week being the Lord's day, he took for his text: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. Hear ye Him." Then he tried to get his audience to think that the beloved Son gave them the first day of the week as the Lord's day. However, he did not have the Bible to support him in this.

When I replied, I took the same text: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased. Hear ye Him." Then I turned to the text in Ephesians 3:9, which proves that Jesus had a part in the creation of the world; also Hebrews the first chapter and the first two verses, and

John, the first chapter. I then told the people that it was this beloved Son who created the heavens and the earth in six days and rested the seventh day. It was this beloved Son who came down on Mount Sinai and gave the ten commandments, one of which says: The seventh day is the Sabbath; remember to keep it holy. I then told my brother that I hoped he would practice what he preached, and hear the beloved Son, as it was He who commanded us to keep the seventh day of the week and not the first day. The brother soon got tired of his favorite text and did not mention it again. He had very little to say about Christ in the rest of his discussion. On the last evening, when the excitement was running high, and I had made my last speech, he arose and regretted very much that he could not have a little more time. After he made his excuses and sat down, I arose and said that I was very much surprised that my brother was determined to discuss this subject with a woman and then be disappointed because he did not get the last word. The truth triumphed and the cause was strengthened by this opposition.

I had been studying the situation in regard to challenges for discussion. I did not like discussions. The Lord had given me a great victory, but I was not satisfied. I said to the Lord: "O Lord, do I have to fight my way to Heaven? Lord, will you not please to deliver me from these debates? I do not want to meet my opponents in discussion and I take no delight in seeing them defeated. I would rather preach the plain gospel truth, and I ask you to please deliver me from these debating experiences."

My Heavenly Father has answered this prayer. From that day to this, I have never had another challenge for



debate, and I believe it is not a Christian's duty to engage in debating, unless it cannot be avoided. I believe that God will help us, so that we may avoid this unpleasant phase of our work.

## CHAPTER XIV

## LATER EFFORTS IN OKLAHOMA

The following summer, after the campmeeting, we were anxious to locate in a place where we could send the children to church school. After considering the question, we decided to go to the city of Enid, where there were a large church and church school. We found a speculator who was anxious to invest in western Oklahoma land, and who offered to trade us two lots and two small houses in Enid for our farm. This offer we accepted. We lived in one of the houses ourselves, and rented the other.

After we had put our home in order, we answered a call for meetings in a small town about fifty miles southwest of Enid. As it was about two months before school, we let Ross go to Dewey County to work for a friend, and took James and Anna with us.

At this small town we had large crowds who listened attentively to the truth, but it seemed impossible to get them to decide to obey. There were two families of Adventists already in this place. One day while I was out alone, praying and talking to God about the situation, it occurred to me that there might be something hindering the work of God's Spirit in the hearts of these people. I resolved to inquire and to find out the condition of the representatives of the truth in this place. To my surprise, I found the brethren were not on good terms. In fact, there was a serious difficulty, which had never been



remedied. I saw that if we expected people to yield to the truth, there would have to be a different state of affairs. I began to work for these brethren, persuaded and labored; but I did not accomplish my purpose, and left this place disappointed because of the failure to gather souls for the fold.

After this I answered an urgent call to the southern part of Oklahoma. When I went there, I found one family of Adventists trying to live the truth as best they could. They were glad to have some one visit them in the interest of the work. I engaged a schoolhouse and held a series of meetings; the people came until the house would hardly hold them all. Mr. Sype was in Enid at this time attending to business matters, so I stayed with this family and they took me to meeting in the evenings. We had not been holding meetings very long when, one afternoon, the brother and his wife and I went to make a visit to a neighbor's, intending to go from that place to the schoolhouse in which the meeting was to be held that night. Toward evening we started for the schoolhouse, but the sister was not feeling well and on the way to church became very sick. We had to turn around and take her back home, and when we reached home her husband dared not leave her. This left me to go alone with the team, to the schoolhouse, over the sandy road. It was already getting late and I hurried, thinking perhaps I might get some neighbor to go with me, but on arriving at the first neighbor's house I found that they had already gone; the next one likewise, until the last house was passed and I had the prairie road over which to go, to reach a wire gate, drive through a pasture, around over hills and canyons, until I should reach the schoolhouse. I determined to try to reach the

place if possible. I got along very well until I came to the place where I turned off to go through the wire gate, when I found that I had taken the wrong road to the gate and was lost. I turned and drove up to the main road and tried it once more, but found that I had not yet reached the right place. It was getting late—high time the meeting was beginning, and yet I could not find the gate. In my despair I cried to God. I rushed the team and tried once more. This time I found the wire gate, opened it, and hurried to the schoolhouse where the congregation was just beginning to leave. I went in and announced that I believed Satan was determined I should not talk about him that night, as my subject was the Origin, History, and Destiny of Satan. I told the people of my experience, and they laughed. We had a good meeting, and the best of attention. I felt that the evening's experience was not entirely a failure; it gave me an understanding of what a terrible thing it is to be lost.

After I closed the meetings at this place I went back to Enid as it was time for the school to begin. There were urgent calls from different small places for meetings that fall, but Enid had been calling for meetings for some time and I was very much undecided as to where my duty lay. I well remember the Sabbath that I had to decide whether to go to a little village a few miles from Enid, known as C., or to open up meetings in the city of Enid. I prayed earnestly over the situation. I had held meetings mostly in country districts. Most of my life had been spent in the country. I had been a country girl, a country school-teacher, and a country preacher, and did not feel like taking up city work.

I explained this to our brethren in Enid. A brother



was there that day to get me to go with him to a village a few miles from Enid. We laid the situation before him, and I left it for the brethren to decide whether I should go with this brother or remain in Enid. We had prayer, sought God earnestly, then cast lots, and the lot fell on my remaining in the city of Enid. I knew if that was where God wanted me, he would give me strength to do my work.

This would give us the great privilege of being at home with the children during the winter, and thus it was very pleasant. We began meetings in Enid during the week of prayer. The church met in the afternoons for the reading and prayer service. At such times certain ones, who were mentioned by name, were prayed for. In the evening we held meetings. We had good, faithful members there. They were alive to the situation and willing to make any sacrifice. Two faithful families in the country had plenty of horses. They would send their families to church, and then take the big wagon, go through the city of Enid and gather up the people that could not walk far, and bring them to church. Our sisters, living in the town, would go out during the day, invite the people, and make arrangements to have these brethren call for them. The meetings continued from the week of prayer in the fall until April. During this time there was an addition of forty to the church membership.

I have never enjoyed work more at any time or any place than at Enid, Oklahoma. Troubles came up in the church afterwards that somewhat scattered the flock; but God wonderfully blessed us, and from these meetings people have gone out who have worked, and are working to-day, in the cause of God. I have always attributed the

great success at this place to the fact that the people prayed. They were willing to unite as one man for one great purpose and effort. They brought the people, they did the singing, they prayed, they worked together to accomplish what was accomplished. With one exception, every person who was prayed for during the week of prayer was converted.

The next summer we went to C., Oklahoma. At this place we were informed when we arrived that there were two churches already, and that was enough. Of course we had been sent there and expected to stay, so we pitched our tent and began our meetings. On Sunday night we opened the meeting and while singing the first song, there was a sound just above my head on the tent that told me something was wrong. Again, another thump against the tent, and I knew somebody was stoning the tent. I saw the people were beginning to get alarmed. When the song was sung, I told them "If anybody is going to get hurt to-night, it is I, so you may rest assured that this meeting will not close until it has to." I said, "I am in the hands of God. God can protect. He tells us that the hairs of our head are numbered. He says, 'The steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord,' and if I have to die before Jesus comes, I would rather die in the pulpit telling the truth to the people, than any other place, so just sit still and we will pay no attention to what is going on outside."

Every once in awhile another stone would come. generally just over my head. The tent was damaged somewhat by these stones, but the meeting went on without any interruption whatever. God gave me grace to keep quiet and attend to my subject.

The next day we found thirty-five limestones, rocks,



and chunks of coal that had been thrown against the tent. We made no remarks concerning this, and paid no attention to it. When the people spoke about it, we only laughed and acted as though we considered it a little joke. Public sentiment was very strong against the action of those who had thrown the stones. From that time on we were never interrupted in our meetings. We found warm friends in this place, and there were a few who accepted the truth.

Shortly after this we began meetings in a country schoolhouse a few miles away. Here we had a good interest and the results that followed made us feel that our work in this part of the country was not a total failure.

The next winter, the Union Conference meeting was to be held in Keene, Texas. Ross had to go to school, and as I also felt the need of more education we decided that the children and I should go to Keene to school. I well remember the night we left Enid. The church accompanied us to the depot, and as we left on the train, they sang "God be with you till we meet again."

We remained in the school until the time of the Union Conference. Then Elder Haffner said, "Sister Sype, we need you back in the field." I gave up my school work and went back to Oklahoma, leaving Ross in school. I stopped on my way back, at A—, Oklahoma, to visit there. Anna was exposed to the whooping-cough both in the church and the school at that place, but never contracted the disease. In fact, I never lost a day in the work because of sickness in my family. Sometimes we were exposed to smallpox, sometimes to scarlet fever, sometimes to whooping-cough, but God kept us through it all.

General Conference of S.D.A.  
MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT  
Takoma Park, D. C.

## CHAPTER XV

## BACK TO IOWA

I had spent five years in hard work in Oklahoma. My health was not the best. The water in most parts of the state was very poor, containing an alkali substance known as gip. This gip water was very hard on my stomach. I had frequent vomiting spells which at times lasted as long as eight hours, so the doctors told me that I had better change climate. The president of the Iowa conference had visited the Oklahoma campmeeting that year and had given us a strong invitation to come back to Iowa and labor, so we now felt that the time had come for us to make a change. On the first day of May, 1906, we left Enid to return to Iowa.

We were all glad to set foot, once more, on Iowa soil, as it was the birthplace of Mr. Sype, myself, and all the children, all of us having been born in the same county.

We first went to Lorimer, where most of my own people lived. On arriving there, I found a young minister holding meetings. The conference president told me to assist him and labor in that part of the country until the campmeeting in June. Thus I had the privilege of visiting my relatives, and, at the same time of helping in the meetings. I was indeed very grateful to see two of my sisters follow their Lord in baptism as a result of the meetings that winter and spring.

After closing these meetings and having a good visit



with my people, we went over to Afton, about fourteen miles distant, where Mother Sype was living. Father Sype had died while we were in Oklahoma. Here I had the privilege of holding meetings in the old Afton church where I first heard the truth. A number of our old friends attended the meetings and some were interested in the truths that we preached. We stayed there until campmeeting; and, expecting to go back when it was over, we rented a garden spot and planted a good garden. But at the campmeeting it was decided to send us to a distant part of the state, and the next time we saw the place there was a house built where the garden was.

Our first summer in Iowa we held a tent meeting in a small city in the southeastern part of the state, where the truth had been preached for years. The church was in a run-down condition on account of removals. A few accepted the truth and we were able to pay off the church debt. We remained here the following winter and the second summer.

The next winter we went to a small mining town where we had a church and held some meetings with good success. A number were baptized and united with the church. The people were very kind and hospitable.

One man who had been convicted of sin at this meeting, found that he could not find peace with God until he had confessed to his neighbor that he had been stealing eggs from him. He thought that the neighbor would at least charge him the value of the eggs, but to his surprise the neighbor refused to take a cent, and said he was sure that the man must be in earnest if he was willing to make a confession of this kind.

While we were making our headquarters at this place,

we held meetings in adjoining towns with good results. During this winter Mr. Sype found it necessary to go home and take care of his mother during her last illness, so I was left alone for some time.



## CHAPTER XVI

### WORK IN IOWA

We sent both our boys to the Stuart Academy to attend school. When visiting there, I was sometimes called upon to hold meetings for the students. I shall always remember the first time I was asked to speak. The principal of the school came one morning and said to me, "Sister Sype, I wish you would conduct the chapel exercises this morning and insist on pure, straight living for the students." I prayed earnestly to God to give me a message for that hour. I did not know what was best to say, but I went to the schoolroom, trusting God for the message. The Lord gave me freedom of speech. I said what came to my mind, talked concerning right living, and as a result a revival started. There was no more school that forenoon. The students spent their time making things right, confessing their sins, and getting right with God and one another. I believe that there were young people converted at that time who changed their whole life's course. Some of the boys are now sleeping beneath the sod, some are working in different parts of God's vineyard; but I shall never forget their faces nor the meetings we had. These meetings continued in the church, and here also there was a revival.

After my work at Stuart was finished, I was invited to assist the conference president in a revival effort in the western part of the state. Here we also had good

### WORK IN IOWA

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results, and a number were baptized and united with the church. On the way back from this place I stopped again at the school to see my boys. I found that they needed clothing; their school expenses also had to be paid; so I spent my wages, just received, in attending to their wants. Anna and I started from Stuart with very little money. I expected to make some money selling magazines, as I had several hours to wait in Des Moines; but Anna had taken cold in travelling, and by the time we got to Des Moines she had a high fever. I could not leave her in the depot, because she did not feel like staying alone, and she was not able to follow me on the streets as I sold papers. The only thing I could do was to go into a large building and get some place for her to lie down. Then while she lay there, I went through the building and sold papers to earn money for our fare to a town in the northeastern part of the state, where an appointment was made for me to begin meetings. In order for me to reach this place, I had to change trains at Waterloo. When it was time to take the train at Des Moines, I had earned money enough to buy my ticket to Waterloo, but on reaching that city at midnight, I found that I had only fifty cents left and my child was very sick. I sat down and studied the situation. As I could not leave Waterloo until seven o'clock in the morning, and could not leave the sick child sitting in the depot, I concluded to take the fifty cents and get a bed. I took the child to a hotel, procured a bed, placed her in it, then sat down to plan what to do. If I were to make my appointment, I must take the next train. I had no money, and there would not be time in the morning to sell papers before train time. I got down on my knees and prayed to God. This was not the first



time I had come to a hard place in financial affairs, and I believed that God would hear me now as well as in the past. I had with me one book, "Christ's Object Lessons", and I decided to go down and try to sell it to the night clerk. It was now one o'clock and he was the only individual I knew I could reach at that time of the night. So I took my book and went down. The clerk did not seem much interested in religious books. I then told him my story. He said, "If that is the reason you want to sell your book, I would rather loan you the money to pay your way than to buy the book." I knew not what else to do than to accept this offer, so the next morning I took the train to the place of my appointment. At the station I was met by a kind sister. I gave Anna a good hot bath, put her to bed, gave her some hot teas, and by evening she was well.

The meetings began. We had a long, hard struggle at this place. Many of the members of the church had moved away; the remaining members were old and not able to keep up the meetings. We did what we could to encourage and strengthen them, remaining there until the time came to go to the Union Conference held in Minneapolis. From this meeting I was asked to go to a town in the eastern part of the state where one of the oldest churches in the conference was located. We labored there until the tent season, doing what we could to build up the church.

Early that spring Mother Sype was laid to rest. By the time we were to take our tents out, Mr. Sype was able to go with me again. We were sent with a tent to a town in the extreme northwestern part of the state, where the truth had never been preached. As far as we knew, no people of our own faith were living there. We

found a boarding place, however, and started out to find a place to pitch our tents. Two places were offered us. One was a pleasant, shady, retired place; the other had no shade, but was on a very busy street, where people passed back and forth continually. We talked the situation over and decided that if we were out for a summer's outing, we would choose the shady, retired spot; but as we were there for the good of the people, we must go to where the people were. So we decided to take the place on the busy street.

We made ready to pitch our tents there, but the next morning we were informed that a man had already rented it for his garden. He had rented it of one partner, while we had rented it of the other. I said, "By the help of God, we will not give up this place", so we went to the man from whom we had rented it and laid the situation before him. He said, "Well, do what you can with that man, but I am afraid you are going to lose." I talked with the man who had rented the place for a garden and asked him to give it up. I told him we would give him five dollars if he would let us have the place. At last I induced him to let us have the ground. We then pitched our tents, and opened the meetings. The boys of the town seemed to think it was a joke to see our bell, and cloth house, and tent in which to hold meetings. When evening came, they amused themselves by slipping up and ringing the bell and then running off. This continued off and on during the evening, interrupting the meeting occasionally. I paid no attention to it, however.

After the meeting Mr. Sype and the children went down town, leaving me alone with the tents. About a dozen boys came along and thought they would have



some fun. One boy suggested that they ring the bell. To this they all agreed. I was standing near and asked them if they enjoyed it. They replied that they did. I told them to go ahead and have their fun and ring the bell just as long as they liked. When I said that, the bell-ringing seemed to lose its charm. One boy ventured to give the bell a few rings but seemed to think that it wasn't so much fun as he had thought it was. He came back and joined the other boys with whom I was talking. I invited them into the tent to look at our new home. They came and looked around, and then I talked to them about why we were there. I gave each an announcement of the meetings and a paper to read, and also invited them to come to the meetings. When Mr. Sype and the children came back, I was having a good visit with the boys. We spent some time talking, and the result was that the boys never disturbed the meetings again. Whenever we met one of them on the street, he lifted his hat, and was indeed very polite. We continued our meetings at this place and had a good attendance. During the winter, after the summer's work was over, we held a series of meetings in the Baptist church, as well as Bible studies in the homes. As a result of these meetings we organized a church and built a little church building. We were thankful to see what could be accomplished by the help of God. Some who took hold of the truth were from the Catholic church.

During the winter I visited at Stuart and held another revival meeting with the students. My heart goes out to the boys and girls of Seventh-day Adventists, for I know something of the anxiety which their parents have. They are all anxious to have their children with them in the kingdom. The children are all they can take with them from this earth to heaven.

While in the northwestern part of the state, Mr. Sype came to the conclusion that it was not right for him to receive tithe for his support, as his health was failing and throat trouble made him unable to lead in the singing. This was indeed a sad situation, as my husband had been a great help to me in the meetings.

He concluded to go on a farm in Dakota, where my sister was. I was very lonely, and after trying to work awhile, I went and told him that I believed I would go on the farm, too. But he and James were both very much opposed to my giving up the work. My family has always wanted me in the field.

I remember well one morning when I had so much work to do at home that it seemed I could not fill a certain appointment. I was working as hard as I could, but my tasks seemed too much for me to accomplish before I was to get ready for the meeting I had appointed. When Mr. Sype came in, I was weeping. He asked me what the trouble was. I told him that I did not believe I could fill the appointment, and that I would have to disappoint the people; but he told me that he would help me. By his help I was able to do my work at home, get ready, and fill the appointment on time.

The greatest grief James could have, when he was careless, would be to tell him he would be a disgrace to his mother's work. He would often say "Mamma, I wish I could be good. I wish I would not do such things. because I know it hurts your work."

After I had thus had a little visit with Mr. Sype and James on the farm and knew that they did not want me to give up my work, I went back and decided to do my best. But it seemed hard. I often worked hard all day for people, and then went home and cried myself to sleep at night.



The next spring the conference sent a young man and his wife to assist me in a tent effort in an adjoining town. After the tent season, I was called to a church to hold some revival meetings. From past experiences I had made up my mind, that when I was asked to go into a church I would first see that the church was in good condition to labor for the outside world. If we want to help others get close to God, we must ourselves know something about God. If we want to bring others into the church, we ourselves must first enjoy a Christian experience.

One day when I was at a campmeeting, the question was asked, "What would you do if you were called to a church where the people were not working together and did not support you in the work?" I answered, "I would not stay with a church that did not support me and did not pull together. A divided house cannot stand. Work is simply thrown away, if in it you do not have the support of the believers." So at the place just mentioned I began to work for the church. They were good and honest people, and loved the truth, but Satan had worked hard to bring in misunderstandings. By the help of God, the "powers of darkness" were conquered and the spirit of reconciliation came in; there was indeed a real revival. God wonderfully blessed in the confession of sins and we enjoyed a good meeting together. One soul was buried with the Lord in baptism in this place.

After this meeting I was joined by a young lady who accompanied me for several weeks and stayed with me during the week of prayer. During that week we were to meet with several churches. One of the churches which I was to visit was the Cedar Rapids Church. Here I found a struggling company who had many perplexities

and much opposition. We enjoyed rich blessings during this week of prayer, and the church earnestly requested that we stay longer. A request for us to stay with them was sent to the president of the conference. This request was granted, so we began house to house work in the city of Cedar Rapids. The church members helped us. I labored here until in January, when I had to return to the place mentioned, in the northwestern part of the state, where I was to be present at the dedication of a new church building, fulfilling a promise I had made before going to Cedar Rapids. I remained there holding meetings until the first of April. A few more were added to the church.

I then returned to Cedar Rapids, to follow up the interest created by the sisters of the church distributing "Family Bible Teachers." I continued the work there until campmeeting. This was held in a small town in a distant part of the state. After the meeting it was decided to follow up the interest by holding a tent meeting, so I was asked to stay and assist other workers in an effort. We were successful in raising up a church at this place, and after the close of the tent season I was left there all winter. We prepared a house of worship, and when I returned to Cedar Rapids in the spring, I had the privilege of knowing that this little company had a house in which to worship the Lord.

On returning to Cedar Rapids, I was joined by Mr. Sype, James, and Anna. We rented a house and it was indeed a great pleasure to have my family with me. We were then all together except Ross, who was at school. The work prospered in that city of 35,000, and we certainly enjoyed our long stay there and always found much to do.



## CHAPTER XVII

### BIBLE WORK AND HOUSE TO HOUSE WORK

A minister's work is only begun when he leaves the pulpit. The people should be labored with in their homes, if successful work is to be done. I remember on one occasion a family had accepted the truth and had promised to keep the Sabbath. They believed we were teaching the truth and were firm believers in it. There seemed to be a lack in their Christian experience and I therefore determined to visit them in their home, not to call during the day only, but to spend the evening with them. Before retiring, I asked them, "Do you have family worship?" They looked at each other and me, and answered, "No; we don't know how." "Well," I said, "I will teach you. We will read a chapter and then we will pray." They said, "We cannot pray aloud." I told them it was impossible to live as Christians in this world without prayer. The Lord has told us that we should pray without ceasing. I told them how we could be in the spirit of prayer when about our work, and be ready to call upon the Lord at any time. If we did not pray audibly, our thoughts could go to God in prayer and He would hear. But this was not sufficient. The prophet David said, "Evening, morning, and noon, will I cry unto the Lord." Daniel had a stated time for prayer, three times a day. He prayed with his window open toward Jerusalem. Our Savior, when on the earth, found it necessary to pray. We can never without prayer live present truth.

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I read a chapter and prayed. Then I asked the brother to pray. He said, "Really, Sister Sype, I cannot pray." "Well," I asked, "Will you say the words after me?" He said "Yes." So we had a short prayer, calling on God for help. Then I turned to the sister and said, "Will you pray?" "I will try," she said. I then helped her to pray. When their lips were unsealed, joy and freedom came into their lives, and a happy Christian home was the result.

There are so many little perplexities in the young Christian's life, that it is essential for us to get near to the hearts of the newly-converted and enter into their plans if we want to help them. In laboring for the people, I have made it a rule to point out sins in a general way in public; but when individuals are to be labored with, we go to their homes and labor privately with them. By personal work I have been able, by the help of God, to see men and women give up tobacco, tea, coffee, pork, and all unhealthful practices.

At one place where I held meetings in the South, a sister who had begun the observance of the Seventh-day Sabbath, was a snuff-user. She used snuff freely — had been taught this habit from childhood. She was a high-tempered woman and I feared the results of laboring with her on the snuff question. One Monday morning I made up my mind that it was high time to visit this sister and, if possible, persuade her to give up this habit. I dreaded this visit; the task seemed very great. I knew she loved her snuff; it had become a part of her life, and I wondered how the visit would terminate. Before I reached her home, I stepped aside from the road, and knelt in earnest prayer to God, that He would help me to have wisdom in dealing with this question. I rose from



my knees, more fully determined to go to her home to talk the matter over with her.

She was very glad to see me, and after visiting with her a little while, I told her that I had come to talk with her concerning some very important subjects, and would like to engage in prayer first. We knelt in prayer. I prayed earnestly for her and her family that they might be good representatives of present truth. After we arose from our knees, I approached her on the snuff question. I asked her to give up her snuff, and with tears in her eyes she promised that she would no longer use it. I had the pleasure of seeing this woman become a strong advocate of health principles, giving up tea, coffee, tobacco, and pork.

One evening in the meeting, a man and his wife came forward for prayer. After we had prayed earnestly, the man arose and said he was a converted man and expected to live for God. I went to him and said, "Now that you are a converted man, my brother, you will surely give up tobacco." He could not see the importance of giving it up. I labored with him and showed him that if we accept the Lord, we must be pure even as He is pure; that the use of tobacco is a filthy habit; that it does not become a Christian to indulge in its use. After earnest prayer on this subject, he concluded that he would give it up, and gave me his tobacco to burn. He gave me, as I supposed, all he had. There was a package of tobacco, a pipe, a number of cigarette papers, and a plug of tobacco. Afterward he told me that he also had a can of snuff, which he threw away when he left us, being ashamed to give me any more. This man has canvassed for our literature and is a good reliable Seventh-day Adventist today.

I have always made it a point to go to the people, if the people did not come to me. After our tent was pitched and we were prepared for our meetings, I would spend certain hours in the afternoons visiting from home to home. When the people were friendly and I had a chance to talk to them, I would read a chapter and pray for them and with them. This always increased the attendance at the meetings. I remember when I first began city work, I was afraid of the big houses. I prayed over this, for I thought that perhaps I was not doing my duty. I asked God for grace to help me enter the homes of the rich, and God has helped me. In these fine homes I have found people hungering and thirsting for a closer walk with God. I well remember one home which I disliked to enter. I hesitated, but after prayer, I decided to go. The lady welcomed me. I told her my mission. She received me kindly and was interested in what I had to say to her. We had prayer. Then she told her troubles. I found that although she lived in a beautiful home, there was a skeleton in her closet. She needed Christian help.

I have found many such instances as this and have concluded that the human family is about the same the world over. Without Christ, there is an unsatisfied longing in man's heart for something better. Money and worldly pleasure cannot satisfy this longing in the human heart. I remember one wealthy lady who attended our meetings. She had been a belle of fashion and loved her jewelry and fine clothes. She accepted the teachings, and I wondered how I ever could approach her on the subject of dress. I went to her home and had prayer with her. I told her that I had a great burden for her soul and felt that I must talk to her person-



ally concerning her dress. Tears began to roll down her cheeks as I laid the situation before her, calling her attention to what the Bible says on the subject of dress (the wearing of gold and such things) and telling her that this subject is just as important as the Sabbath is. She took it very kindly and promised me she would try to dress as a consistent Christian should. I realize that the questions of dress, health reform, etc., are questions that must be handled carefully and prayerfully, as should all other Bible questions. The Bible says: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit." We cannot expect to enter homes and win the confidence of the people and win them for the truth, unless we have the spirit of the living God. The work is too great for us. I believe therefore that it is necessary, when laboring for the people, to pray much. I have been able to enter many homes. In fact, I have never found it hard to gain the attention of the people and have always had more calls than I have been able to fill. I believe God has gone before and prepared the hearts of the people and worked by his Holy Spirit. To Him be all the praise.

In laboring among the churches I have found that our sisters and church members can be of great assistance in the house to house work, preparing the way by the distribution of the "Family Bible Teacher", and by visiting the people with literature. There is no doubt but that a number of the people who have accepted the truth through my labors, owe their first interest to some faithful sister who had visited them, giving them some tracts and papers. These faithful workers will certainly share the reward in that great day when the Lord shall reward us according to our works.

I thank God for this, and I want to say here that I appreciate very much the kindness of my brethren and sisters among whom I have labored. I have never felt that they opposed me in the work while I was among them. I have always found them willing to assist, to help pave the way to get the truth to the people. May God increase the missionary spirit among his people!



## CHAPTER XVIII

### MAGAZINE EXPERIENCES

I have sold hundreds of magazines from Texas to Minnesota, from Wyoming to Washington, D. C. I never feel happy when traveling unless I have a few magazines with me. It gives me opportunity to work for my fellowmen while I am going from place to place. As a result of selling magazines I have had many good talks on trains with women who needed help.

One time, while canvassing on a passenger train for my magazines, I met a woman who was in great trouble. "Are you a Christian woman?" she asked. "Yes," I replied. She then told me her troubles and asked me to pray for her. As I left her, she thanked me and wished me well.

While on the train, I have given many Bible studies to men and women, on different Bible subjects. When they found I was engaged in missionary work they were glad to talk with me. One of my experiences in traveling comes to my mind at this time and I will take time to relate it. In going from place to place it has often happened that I have not had enough money to pay my traveling expenses and have depended on my magazine sales to provide it. Generally my sales have been sufficient, but at times I have been disappointed.

Once, while in Oklahoma, I received a telegram asking me to come to a certain place to help two of our brethren who were holding tent meetings. They had

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advertised that they expected a lady evangelist and ten singers.

When this telegram came, I was a little short of money. So I determined to depend on the selling of magazines. I did not sell as many as I expected, and when I came to a certain town where I had to change cars, I found that it was almost train time and I was without money enough to buy my ticket. The thought came to me that I had two pairs of shoes; so I took my good pair of shoes, went to a pawn-shop, sold them, got enough money to buy my ticket, and went on my way rejoicing. I reached the town in time to fill my appointment, and we had some good revival meetings.

One Sabbath afternoon we heard that our opposers had announced a six o'clock meeting down town, and so we thought it would be well for us to have a four o'clock meeting. The brethren and sisters and the young people who had come to help with the singing, took the organ and moved it up the street. We loaded ourselves with magazines and papers and went up the busy street and began our meeting. The crowd gathered, and after a short song service and prayer I began the study of Daniel II. Two of the brethren held the chart, while I pointed to this line of prophecy, calling the people's attention to the truthfulness of God's word, how that prophecy is history in advance, how we are now living in the time represented by the toes of the image, and these earthly kingdoms would soon pass away, and our Lord and Saviour rule the world. The people were very much interested and eagerly accepted all the magazines and tracts we had for them. We went back to the tent and praised God for the victory.



I have felt the need of experience in the magazine work, as well as the magazine work needing my help. I do not think that God is compelled to call on poor, weak humanity to work for Him, only as it is a benefit to human beings. It is God's purpose that we should get a real living experience in the things of God, an experience which we can get only as we labor for our fellow-men.

Naturally, I am of a sarcastic disposition, and many times when I went home after a day's work selling magazines, I would think over the experiences of the day, and ask God to forgive me for my many sharp retorts. I determined that by God's help I would sell magazines until I could meet all classes of people with a smile and a kind word, instead of retorting in sarcasm. I found this was no small task.

I well remember one morning when I started out with my magazines that I came to a place where a man was sitting talking, and upon my asking him to buy a magazine, he gave me some cutting remark about Seventh-day Adventist literature. I replied, "Yes; I am happy to inform you that it is Seventh-day Adventist literature." He made some other cutting remarks and I said, "I believe you are a preacher." He replied, "Yes, I am", and I said, "Well, you talk like a popular preacher." Then I began to give him my opinion freely. For a short time we had a heated discussion. When I left the place, I was not so happy as when I entered. I said, "O Lord, forgive me." Then I said, "By your help I will go back and ask the man to forgive me." I went back and asked the man to forgive me. Something else was said, and I again asked him to forgive me. Three times that morning I had to humiliate myself and ask him to for-

give me for my hasty remarks. I went away having gained a decided victory. He and I had a pleasant Christian talk before I left. This helped me to be more cheerful, as it is not pleasant to return and ask for forgiveness. I have, by the help of God, been able to bring myself to a place where I can meet all classes of people and return a soft answer. We read in Proverbs, "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

One morning as I went into a business office, I met a very sour, harsh-looking business man. I smiled and spoke to him. "What are you smiling about?" he said. I replied, "I am smiling because I have the privilege of bringing you such a good paper, and this is indeed a pleasant morning," and I began to talk about pleasant things. He looked at me and said, "I will buy one of your papers, and I hope you will call again." So I felt that if I could get such a hard business man to smile by being pleasant I had accomplished a good work. Others, after saying something cross, have called me back and said, "Missis, I will buy one of your papers because you treated me so kindly."

I do not think it pays magazine agents to be too sensitive; to notice light and ungentlemanly remarks. One day, I entered a business house and asked a man to buy a paper. He did not act very courteously. I could not tell what he said, but passed on. Later as I came down the street, I met him. He stopped and said, "Missis, I want to apologize for the way I spoke to you." I replied, "My brother, I have forgotten what you said. You certainly are forgiven." This remark seemed to please him, as he had been very sorry for his rude remark.

I have been asked to take the agency for a great many wordly enterprises, some offering good salaries. On one



occasion a man told me he would guarantee me a salary of twenty-five dollars per week, if I would take up work for him as saleslady. I told him my business was to do the work of my Heavenly Father; I was not looking for any other business. He said, "You could do much good with money." I replied, "Perhaps I can, but I am a very busy woman, and have no time to talk to you concerning this money-making proposition. My Heavenly Father says that the gold and silver are his and also the cattle upon a thousand hills. I believe he is able to take care of his servants, and I am only thankful to take these truth-laden magazines to the world."

The first time I entered a saloon was in Sheridan, Wyoming. My two little boys and I had gone to Sheridan to do some trading, and I intended to sell some magazines also. After my trading was finished, I found a shady place for the boys to sit down to eat their lunch and look at some picture books I had for them, while I canvassed along the street with papers. Before starting, I prayed the Lord to give me strength to enter every house to which I came. It never came to my mind that there would be a saloon on the street. So I started with the determination to enter every house. I was going along having good success when I found myself in front of a saloon. This was a great trial. I had never been inside of a saloon before. It was a new experience, but I remembered my vow, and asked God to help me keep it. I entered the saloon and sold a magazine to the bartender and one to a customer. I went on, meeting with good success, until I came to another saloon. There was a crowd of people in this place. I spoke to one man near the door, but the sight of drinking men and the smell of liquor was too much for me. I stepped inside the door,

only just far enough to keep my vow, and hurried away. Since then I have left literature and sold papers to the bartenders and patrons in many saloons. They always treated me kindly. When I entered there would often be noise, loud talking, and laughing, but the bartender would give the men a signal to be quiet and they would obey until I had left the place. One evening while I was selling papers on First street, where saloons are very popular, I found a young man. He asked me, "Will you help me get a bed for the night?" I replied, "Where is your money?" He pointed to the saloon. I said, "Well, I think they ought to buy you a bed. If I leave you in this condition you will be in the police station before morning. You have given your money to the saloon. Now you come to the church for help. This is the way with the world. No wonder so small an amount of money goes to missions, when so much is spent for liquor." So I walked over to the saloonkeeper and pointed out the young man to him and said, "If this young man is not provided for he will sleep in the police station tonight. You have his money. He wants a bed. Will you give him a quarter to pay for it?" He replied, "No, I will not give him a cent. He will only spend it for drink;" but he added, "If you will see that the young man has a bed, and keep the quarter in your hands until the bed is paid for, I will give it to you." I said, "I will do this." I then went to a lodging house, engaged a bed and paid for it, and left the young man there. Some have asked, "Would you take a saloonkeeper's money?" I say, "Yes, every cent I can get." I will also sell magazines to drinking men, as I would much rather take their money for some good work, than to see them pay it for liquor. I do not hesitate to canvass saloon men or any other class of people, in the interest of present truth.



One day when I was coming from a saloon, a man said to me, "If you were my mother or sister, I would not allow you to go to a saloon." I looked at him and said, "If you were my husband, son, or my brother, as often as you went into a saloon, I would go with you. Seeing that you are going to the saloon, and I am your sister in the interest of your soul, in order to find you, unpleasant as it may be, I will go." He smiled and walked on.

I have been able to make a great many appointments for Bible readings by meeting with the people while I was selling magazines. Our literature has indeed a very important part in helping to give this Third Angel's Message. I never feel that my work is well accomplished, unless I ask the people to subscribe for some of our good papers. One time I was holding meetings at the home of a certain person, and while the meeting was in progress, a family came to visit. When they found out that we were engaged in a Seventh-day Adventist meeting, they were much disappointed, but after much urging, they came in and listened to what was being said. Afterward we had a long talk, and I asked them to subscribe for "The Signs of the Times." They did so, and I went on my way. At the next campmeeting, somebody called me, wishing to speak to me. I went and found that it was the man and wife who had subscribed for the "Signs". They had begun the observance of the Seventh-day Sabbath and wanted to be baptized. They had been convinced of the truth by reading "The Signs of the Times", for which I had taken their subscription. This man is now one of our state agents, doing good work.

I remember another occasion. I had made numerous trips to an adjoining town in which I was holding meetings, to sell magazines. Sometimes I would have to

wait after entering the train, as this was a local train. The brakeman was very kind to me and I would often give him tracts and papers. He became interested in the truth, and today he is a Seventh-day Adventist canvasser. He says he has on file all the papers which he received from me while he was brakeman on that train.

While traveling I have had many good visits with trainmen concerning their soul's salvation. One day I rode on a way freight that made many stops. I had sold the conductor on the train a magazine. At last we pulled into a little town, expecting to wait there some time for another train to pass. I said to the conductor, "May I go uptown and spend the time selling magazines?" He said, "Yes; and we will let you know in time to get the train." So I went uptown, kept watching the depot, and sold a number of magazines. At last the time came for the way-freight to leave. The trainmen came out and called me, saying it was time to return, and I hurried back to the depot. The conductor said, "You go back there and sell that agent one of these papers and I will pull the train up to the depot for you." So I spent the time in selling the station agent a magazine, while the conductor pulled his freight train caboose up to the depot and stopped for me to board the train. He said, "I have spent an hour reading your magazine and I can say it is the best magazine I ever read."

When I find people interested in the papers, I generally take their names and postoffice addresses. Then I, or somebody else, send them literature. I often visit our Young People's Society and leave a number of names, asking the young people to send literature to people I have met while traveling. I enjoy the magazine work. It makes the time pass by very quickly, while I am



traveling from place to place. It gives something to do for the Master; it increases the salary and thereby helps us to do more for present truth. Considered from all points, the magazine work is indeed a good work. The Psalmist David saw the work that would be accomplished in this way and spoke of the great company of publishers.

How blest the children of the Lord,  
 Who, walking in His sight,  
 Make all the precepts of His word  
 Their study and delight.  
 That precious wealth shall be their dower,  
 Which cannot know decay;  
 Which moth and rust shall ne'er devour,  
 Nor spoiler take away.

## CHAPTER XIX

## HARVEST INGATHERING WORK

In the fall of 1907, I attended a meeting at Stuart, Iowa, where Brother Wayne advocated the idea that it would be possible to use our periodicals in soliciting gifts for missions. He thought that in this way we might, in some cases, get several dollars for one paper for missions. As I listened to him, I feared that he was a little over-zealous. I had sold hundreds of papers and magazines for five and ten cents, and I supposed that that was all it was possible to get for them. However, it was decided that we should take hold of this work and once a year have a "Harvest Ingathering for Missions". I felt that I must not fall behind in any good work; so each fall in harmony with the plan, I have done my part in the work of ingathering. In my work with the churches where I have labored, I have helped to solicit funds for missions. In this way we have been able to raise a goodly sum each year, besides having the opportunity of distributing our literature, telling of the spread of the message, and finding interested persons with whom to do further work.

The first year we gathered about fifty dollars, the second year we reached one hundred dollars, the third we received two hundred and eighty dollars, and in the year 1915 we were able to reach four hundred dollars in our little corner of the state.



In this work we gained many experiences, and have found interests that have led to the organization of churches. I seldom received less than twenty-five cents, and often one dollar and sometimes several dollars for a single magazine.

One fall a lady and I went to a town in the interest of the Harvest Ingathering work, and found one sister with her children holding up the banner of truth in a little home Sabbath school. While canvassing the town for this work, we learned of two other sisters in the country who were keeping the Sabbath. We telephoned to them and had them come in and meet the other sister, and join the little home Sabbath school. With this little school as a nucleus the interest grew until there were a number in the Sabbath school, and this led to the holding of a series of meetings which resulted in organizing a good-sized church and building a church building. All this was really the result of the Harvest Ingathering campaign in the town.

One day I made a visit to an adjoining town on some business. I decided to take some papers along and work the town for funds for missions. While soliciting I came to a man that recognized the paper as a Seventh-day Adventist paper. He told me that he believed we were right. I made an appointment with him at his home, and my son followed up the interest, and today he with three other adult members of his family are faithful members of the church.

In this work I have had many very profitable talks on religious subjects, and have been able to accomplish much good.

The last trip I took to finish making our quota for 1915 was an interesting one. A young man took three of us

in his auto to canvass the business houses and then go on to the next town. In two days we went two hundred miles, stopped at ten small towns, and took in over sixty dollars.

I find it a great help for churches to organize for this work, each member to be responsible for a certain territory. It is also a great help to appoint certain days to bring in the funds. We have enjoyed this work very much. The children love to bring their gifts to Jesus. At such times we relate our experiences, for the encouragement of all. We generally set aside Thanksgiving Day as the day to bring in what had been gathered. We spend the time that day in song and praise to God for His blessing in the work. We always plan to finish the work by the first of January, and then have another Ingathering service.

I can truly say that I praise the Lord for the plan of having Harvest Ingatherings for missions, and I believe it will be the means of saving many souls in the Kingdom of God both in foreign lands and in the home field.

Laborers of Christ, arise,  
And gird you for the toil!  
The dew of promise from the skies  
Already cheers the soil.  
Go where the sick recline,  
Where mourning hearts deplore;  
And where the sons of sorrow pine  
Dispense your hallowed store  
By faith, which looks above,  
With prayer, your constant guest;  
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love  
A mantle round your breast.



So shall you share the wealth  
 That earth may ne'er despoil,  
 And the blest gospel's saving health  
 Repay your arduous toil.

—Lydia H. Sigourney

## CHAPTER XX

### THE FIRE

In the year 1911, while we were living in a town in northern Iowa, I was, one day, compelled to leave home and go to a distant town on business, and as money was scarce I took some magazines with me to sell. Mr. Sype and Anna remained at home. I was successful in disposing of all my magazines; I also transacted my business and then had a good visit with some sisters in that place. I reached home about noon, got off the train and hurried up a back street, only to find that my home had been visited by fire. The house was partly burned, the bedding thrown into the yard, and things in general scattered. The thought struck me that perhaps the fire had occurred in the night and that my little girl was burned. I began to call for Anna. She came running to meet me and I was so glad to find that she was safe that it was very easy to be reconciled to our losses.

Mr. Sype had been sick in the night. He arose early in the morning, made the fire, and Anna prepared breakfast. While they were eating breakfast, a neighbor came in and told them the house was on fire. This fire originated in a room where my clothing was hanging. I had just purchased a new suit; in fact, I had just bought a good supply of clothes on account of a general meeting, which I had attended not long before this. These clothes were all burned. I had nothing left but the dress I was wearing. I had to purchase a waist



before I could attend the prayer meeting. As I looked at this wreck and realized, to some extent, my loss, I thought, "Mrs. Sype, I hope you will escape the fire of the last days." I also thought how vanishing are this world's possessions, how uncertain is life.

This was a hard blow to us. The goods that were not burned were ruined by water and falling plaster. All our groceries were lost, and altogether this fire was a great loss to us. Mr. Sype's farming enterprise at Elk Point had not proved a success on account of the wet season; and this, together with his poor health, and our high expenses, made it impossible for us to make ends meet. I had been spending much time making sunbonnets, trying to increase my earnings. Sometimes I would go home from meeting in the evening, sew until eleven o'clock at night, arise at five in the morning and sew until time to visit, then go to visit the people and hold meetings at night. In this way, and by hiring some help, I had made about a hundred dozen sunbonnets the previous year and yet it seemed that it was impossible to meet the demand. And now the fire came as a climax, ruining our all. We went to God in earnest prayer. People were kind enough to take us in, until we could rent another house. The brethren and sisters remembered us with presents. This helped us very materially.

I knew that this fire was for some good and that God knew best, and I did not shed a tear over it. I remembered with Job of old, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Soon after the fire we returned to Cedar Rapids as noted in the previous chapter. Here we rented a house. Mr. Sype procured work and with the help of friends we set up housekeeping and bought some furniture on the

instalment plan. James also procured work and bought the furniture for his own room. I felt happy to be in the city at work, because the family could be together, though Ross was still at Nevada finishing his school work. Things moved along very pleasantly. James was interested in buying furniture and clothes with his own money. He was also beginning to take an interest in Anna's welfare. Mr. Sype seemed to stand the work better than usual. We had a good garden and it all helped in supporting and caring for the family. I was very busy and happy. It was a great comfort to go home in the evening and find the family all together. It was a happy summer.



## CHAPTER XXI

### THE DEATH OF OUR SON

Our home burned the first day of March, 1911. After we moved to Cedar Rapids everything went smoothly until about Thanksgiving time, when one of the members of the church lost a little girl very suddenly. I accompanied the family to their old home and preached the funeral sermon. Thanksgiving Day I came back to Cedar Rapids. When I reached home I was informed that the husband of one of our sisters in the church was not expected to live. We had planned a little church dinner for that day, intending to spend our spare time making comforters and writing missionary letters. James, however, said he would go and spend the day with the sister and help take care of her husband. So the day passed as busy days pass. I returned home in the evening, very tired, as I had traveled the night before and had had no rest. I telephoned to the sister, asking how her husband was. She replied that he was very low. I promised her to come out on the first street car in the morning. James remained with them during the night. About ten o'clock the telephone rang. I answered it. It was James calling me. He informed me that the man was sinking fast and he feared that if I waited until morning it would be too late. I promised to take the next car. James was to meet me at the end of the car line with a buggy. When I reached the sister's home I found the husband very low. I talked to him, read the

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twenty-third psalm, and asked him if he did not want to be a Christian. He said that if he lived he would be a Christian. I told him that he might not live, and that he should remember the thief on the cross. He seemed to understand the situation and asked God to forgive his sins. He called his family to his bedside and soon after fell asleep.

The death of this man seemed to affect James very much. In fact, we had to put him to bed because he was completely overcome. He was not able to return home until the next evening.

We made all preparations for the funeral. One of our ministers came to town and remained a little while. He and I had charge of the funeral.

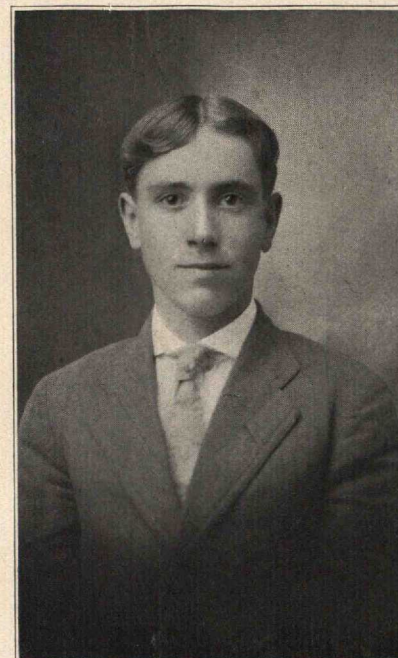
James seemed to be much troubled by the death of this man, and on his return home, said, "Mama, there is no life worth living but the Christian life. I am tired of the world and sin. I want to live a better life." A few days after, he asked me to write certain letters for him concerning the Christian work. On Sabbath morning I asked him if he was not going to church with me. "No," he replied, "but I am going next Sabbath. The people will think if I go today, I am going just because Mr. — died." I went to church, realizing that there was a great change in my boy. That week James went out to the sister's home, helped her to do the chores, and after sleeping a little while went to his work in the evening. He was working nights at that time. One evening he telephoned to me and said, "Mama, I am coming down to pay you the two dollars I borrowed of you." "All right," I replied. Soon he came, handed me the two dollars, gave his little sister some money, and gave me a quarter. I told him I would have to put some of that in



my mission box, if money was given to me in that way. He laughed, and we had a pleasant little visit. I watched him as he went to the street car, and offered a prayer for him, as I often did when he was leaving home.

Little did I think that this would be the last time our boy would enter his home alive. I was very busy during the day. James was helping Sister —, and resting there. He thought he would rather sleep out there, as it was more quiet during the day.

Thursday evening I returned home, and thought, "I will telephone and see how James is." When I looked at the clock, I saw it was train time and knew that he would be meeting trains, so I went to my bed tired and happy, little knowing what was awaiting me. About twelve o'clock at night the telephone rang. I went to answer the call, and a voice asked if we had a boy working at the "Allison." I replied, "Yes." "He has been hurt", the voice said. "Bring him home at once", I said, but "No, he must go to the hospital." I dressed, called a cab, and hastened to Saint Luke's Hospital. My poor boy was unconscious. I went to his bedside, looked into his face, prayed to God, and said, "Surely, Lord, you will not allow my boy to go without saying something to his mother." For some time he lay in an unconscious condition. The doctors worked over him, and at last he began to recognize his family. On regaining consciousness he said, "What is the matter with my ear? Did a locomotive strike me?" I said, "No, James; you were hurt." "Who hurt me? I was not fighting." I said, "You were not fighting, but some one struck you." "Did they put him in jail?" I said, "Yes." He said, "Save the papers for me to read." This was all he ever said about being struck. He died without knowing the name of the man



James Earl Sype  
Born July 12, 1892  
Died December 11, 1911



who caused his death. I was told by five people who saw this, that James was standing with his back toward the man who dealt the blow. The man had been drinking and was quarreling with some one over the baggage. It seemed that my boy was closest to him and he got the blow that cost him his life.

James lived until Sunday noon. On Sabbath, he said to me, "I intended to go to church today but I did not get any farther than the hospital." He asked me about our church people and if they had come to see him; and on being told that they had, but that the doctor would not allow much company, he seemed pleased at their interest in him.

On Sabbath we moved him to a private room, which pleased him very much, and he seemed so much better that Sabbath evening we entertained hopes of his recovery. The doctor told me it would be better if I should go home and get some rest. James was willing I should do this. I left him in a happy mood. He expected to be able to return home soon. About three o'clock that night I awoke, having dreamed that James was dead. I arose with a heavy heart, went to the telephone and asked how James was. They said he was restless. I dressed. It was raining and I was two miles from the hospital. All I could do was to wait for the street car. It was a lonely wait. It seemed to me I could hardly wait until I got to the hospital. When I entered James' room I knew he was worse. I went to him and kissed him. He said, "Mama, shut the door and pray for me." I did so. I prayed for him and then James prayed. Anna, who accompanied me, also prayed for James. He prayed again for himself. He grew worse rapidly, and at times was unconscious. He seemed to realize that he was going to die, and said if he must die, "all right."

General Conference of S.D.A.  
MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT  
Takoma Park, D. C.



James died December 10, 1911, at Saint Luke's Hospital in Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

On account of the failure in crops and also because of the fire, we had not been able, with our small salary, to get our past indebtedness paid. When James died I went apart, alone with God, and prayed earnestly. I then called the undertaker and laid the situation before him. I told him of our financial condition, and that we must have our boy laid away respectably. He said, "Mrs. Sype, this shall be done." He was indeed very kind to us and has been to this day. I shall always remember the kindness of this man.

When I reached home, a room was prepared for my boy's return. He would now enter his home for the last time, but not as he had a few nights before. This time he would have to be carried in in his coffin. I loved James dearly. His death was a heavy blow indeed, my heart was sore. I looked upon the empty room. "My poor boy," I thought. "I cannot even buy you any flowers. You will have to be laid away without them." But to my surprise, even before the corpse was brought home, flowers began to come. Street car conductors, policemen, the people at the hotel where he worked, our church folk, and individuals all looked after this. My poor boy had plenty of flowers. I never appreciated flowers until this time. I can now better understand why people send flowers when people die. This meant much to me, as I wanted my boy to be laid away in a way that would be pleasing. Professor M. M. Hare, James' former teacher, was in the city at the time, and we called on him to preach the funeral sermon. Professor Hare preached a very appropriate sermon and it was much appreciated by all. The attendance at the funeral was large; the town seemed

to sympathize with us in our great bereavement. Even the man who had taken my boy's life was stricken with grief and said he was sorry for the parents of the boy and his own family. He said he did not see why he had given way to his ungovernable temper. The boy had no hard feelings toward him and he said he had none toward the boy, but had, in a fit of drunken anger, struck my boy and taken his life. The day my boy was buried the unfortunate man hanged himself, after being charged with the crime of murder and confined in the police station in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. So two lonely graves in Linwood Cemetery mark the resting place of two souls, the death of both being caused by this man's too free indulgence in strong drink.

Dare to say "No" when tempted to drink;  
Pause for a moment, my boy, and think—  
Think of the wrecks on Life's ocean tossed  
For answering "Yes" without counting the cost;  
Think of the mother who bore you in pain;  
Think of the tears that would fall like rain;  
Think of her heart and how cruel the blow;  
Think of her love, and at once answer "No".

—Selected



## CHAPTER XXII

### ALL ALONE

At the funeral of James, Mr. Sype took a heavy cold and his health began to decline. His cough increased, and the doctor advised a change of climate. My sister and her husband, W. L. Manfull, who then lived in Canada, thought the Canadian climate would be just the thing for him. I thought that perhaps it would be a help to him, so money was borrowed and he started on his journey. Anna and I went to the depot with him, thinking that perhaps we would never meet him again in this life. We came back to our lonely home very sad, and I asked God to help me to go on with my work. I was very busy, and as we had a church school in our home, Anna was placed in school again until it closed. I then rented some rooms and moved into them. Anna was a great comfort and help to me in the home. We attended the Boone campmeeting, and there I made arrangements for Anna to enter the Oak Park Academy at Nevada. I realized that life would be lonely without her, but I had resolved long ago, that at any sacrifice my children should have a Christian education, so I placed Anna in the school at Nevada.

Ross had graduated from Oak Park Academy in June, 1912, and as he must have more schooling before he could enter upon his life's work, we decided that he should go to South Lancaster, for he was well acquainted with Professor H — and wife at that place. They had invited him to come.

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Ross and I returned to Cedar Rapids from the campmeeting. Then he hastened on to school. I shall never forget the night he went away. I felt that the last break had come. My family was scattered and I was left alone. I rented a little room, sold off all my household furniture, and determined now to turn my attention to paying off our indebtedness, and at the same time do what good I could for humanity. I prayed earnestly for strength to overcome and to rise above my great perplexity. My heart was sore for weeks after the death of James, but I knew nevertheless that "all things work together for good to those who love the Lord and are called according to his purpose." I knew that the "steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord," and my faith in Him was strong. I felt like saying with Job, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord." If it had not been for my work, which brought me in contact with people, I could not have borne up under this sorrow.

After the children were all gone and I was alone in the evenings, I studied and figured over my indebtedness. I had cut down every possible expense, and was trying in every way to live as cheaply as I could, yet my income was not sufficient to meet the demands. I became so burdened over the situation, that I went to God in earnest prayer. I took him at his promise. He tells us that if we are troubled He will hear our cries. He says He will deliver us out of our troubles. I knew the Bible said, "Owe no man anything." Time is very short. It is my desire to be in a position where I shall be clear from debt. I am putting forth every effort to do so. I ceased making sunbonnets, because my conscience was not at ease when I did so. I felt while I was working on the



sunbonnets, that I was sewing the souls of people into the bonnets. I was unhappy over making them, and I promised the Lord I would make no more sunbonnets unless for missionary purposes, or sewing societies, or something of that kind. I feared to take in any worldly work in connection with my work, as it seemed to me my time must be given to the truth I love.

In praying and studying over the situation, it came to me, "Write a book. Write some of your experiences." I have never considered myself a writer. My friends all complained about my short letters. I have put off and neglected writing reports of my work, because I did not like to write. My daily reports are often neglected, because of my dislike for writing. But now I was impressed to write a book.

I prayed earnestly, and I said, "Lord, if this is what you want me to do, you will have to give me grace to do it." So I promised the Lord that I would write a book. This was no easy task as I was carrying very heavy work in visiting and Bible work besides meetings and church work in all departments. By putting in long hours, I was able to get out the first edition of "Life Sketches" without missing more than one appointment while doing it. I consulted my fellow workers about my book and they received it very kindly, some of them helping me by giving me a few suggestions. I wrote to my friends and many of them ordered my book by mail before the book was off the press, so that by January, 1913, I was able to mail a great many copies to those who had ordered, and, in this way, to meet some pressing obligations. I trust the Lord will greatly reward those who purchased the little work at that time as it was indeed a great help.

Lonely, no, not lonely  
While Jesus standeth by;  
His presence always cheers me,  
I know that He is nigh.

Friendless, no, not friendless,  
For Jesus is my friend;  
I change, but He remaineth,  
The same until the end.

Weary, no, not weary,  
While leaning on His breast;  
My soul hath full enjoyment  
In His eternal rest.

Helpless, yes, so helpless;  
But I am leaning hard  
On the mighty arm of Jesus  
And He is keeping guard.

Waiting, yes, I'm waiting,  
He bids me watch and wait,  
I only wonder often  
What makes my Lord so late.

Joyful, yes, so joyful,  
With joy too deep for words;  
A precious, sure foundation,  
The joy that is my Lord's.

—Selected



## CHAPTER XXIII

### LATER EXPERIENCES

In the summer of 1913 it was decided to hold a tent effort in the city of Cedar Rapids, and a strong force of workers was sent there. As I had labored there a great deal for the past three years, I was asked to stay and assist the workers. During the summer a minister, who was holding meetings in another part of the state, became seriously ill and had to be taken to the sanitarium. He had barely started his effort, so the conference asked me to continue it. When I reached that part of the state, I found a large territory consisting of about six counties, that had been worked but very little. In this territory there were no churches and but few believers.

My first experience at this place was very interesting. When my daughter, Anna, and I arrived in town it was night and no one knew we were coming. One lady and her family were the only Sabbathkeepers in the town. As it was late when we arrived, we went to a hotel for the night. The next morning, I began to inquire for the tent, but could find no one that seemed to know that there was a tent in town. I then began to inquire for Adventists, but could find none for a long time. Finally a man informed me that out in the edge of town there was a family that kept the Sabbath, but he supposed that they were Jews. I found them and they were the Sabbathkeepers referred to. They took us to the tent where we found a young man and his wife, doing Bible

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work and trying to do the best they could until some one came to continue the meetings. That day, while I was walking along the street, I saw a building that had the appearance of having been a church building, but was then being used for other purposes. As I passed it, I wondered if the Lord would bless our effort here so that we could purchase that little building for a house of worship. We started our tent meetings and had a good interest. By campmeeting time, in September, we had a good company of Sabbath keepers. As the tent effort closed, and our tents were to be shipped to the camp grounds, our anxiety was to provide a place of worship. We looked everywhere for a hall that we could rent or for a room of some kind, but we could find none. Then the little old church building came into my mind for the first time since I saw it that first day I was in town. I went to the owners to inquire about it, but was informed that it was sold. I asked them how much they were getting for it. When they told me I went to the brethren and they said that that was extremely cheap and that we could afford to pay more than that. We found that the persons that had bought it had not as yet paid for it, and that the agreement was not entirely made yet, so we offered the owner more than the other person was paying. He said that if the other man should back out of the agreement, we could have it; however he feared there was no chance of his doing so. We prayed earnestly to the Lord that if it was his will that we should have the house that this man should cancel the agreement. The next morning I was called to the telephone by the owner of the house, and he told me that we could have the building. I was thus able before campmeeting to see the little company provided with a house of worship.



After the campmeeting we finished remodeling the building. Today it is a very comfortable little church.

After the campmeeting Anna went away to school again, leaving me alone once more. The conference sent a Bible worker to assist me. We worked hard to get the little building ready for occupancy, to get the company of believers ready for organization, and also to strengthen the work. We stayed here all winter.

The following spring, Mr. Sype returned from Canada after more than two years' absence. His health was considerably improved. Ross, also, came back from Massachusetts, and Anna came home from school. Once more we were together after having been scattered so long. That spring Ross was married, and after campmeeting in June he entered the work in Iowa conference. He went to assist a minister in another part of the state. Mr. Sype and I once more began a tent effort together, this time pitching our tents in a town about twenty miles from the place where I had just worked. At this place we had a long, hard pull. We continued the meetings twelve weeks, determining to hold on by God's help, until we had raised up a church. The devil worked hard, but the Lord says, "Not by might nor by power but by my Holy spirit." So we clung to the promises until by fall we saw a small company obeying God. We rented a small upper room in which to hold Sabbath services, but we felt that we must have a better place to meet as there was still some outside interest and we had no suitable place to invite people. After much prayer and consultation with the brethren, we decided to build a small church building. We purchased a lot and had all our plans laid when we heard of a church building for sale nine miles out in the country. We went out to

look at it and found that it was a good building, made of the best material, with fine furnishings, and in perfect condition. It was much larger and better than any church we could afford to build. We found that we could buy it and move it for less money than it would cost us to build the small building we were planning. We felt that the Lord was surely opening up the way before us, so we bought the building with the seats, pulpit, and stoves. We hired a house-mover who brought it to town with two engines, and though it was a very heavy building, it was moved with such skill that the plaster was not even cracked enough to be noticed.

Later in the fall the Bible worker was changed to another field of labor and my son was sent to assist me. He located at this place, and I moved back twenty miles to further strengthen the church I had raised up the summer before. However we planned to work together and determined to see several churches raised up in that section of the country. During that winter my son and I held meetings in both of these places, adding members to each church. He also held some meetings in a small town near by which resulted in the addition of four new members to the church where he was located. It was organized with seventeen members on the first of January, and by the time the campmeeting was held in June it had a membership of twenty-nine.

In the winter my father came to us and as he was old and in very poor health, I felt it my duty to care for him in some way the rest of his life. As it really took a man to care for him, Mr. Sype said he would take that for his work. So we rented a small place out in the country where he could keep my father quiet and let him spend the rest of his days as peaceably as possible.



The next summer, my son and I were sent out together in tent work. We conducted two efforts during that summer. During our first effort we had extremely wet, cold weather. That was the summer of 1915, which was remarkable as being a very damp summer. I contracted a severe cold and had to go to the sanitarium for a week's rest. Ross closed the effort and rented a building in which the people could hold their Sabbath services. He then moved the tents to a large town in line with our work in that part of the country, and I returned to assist him in another effort. I prayed earnestly for the Lord to strengthen me for the work.

The Lord blessed us in this effort. We now have a church of about thirty members in this place and a good building in which to worship. Our prayer is that this church may have an active part in finishing of this work.

Anna was married August 2, 1915, and she and her husband are helping in the work by selling our good books and magazines. I am indeed thankful for the help of my children.

I feel that the Lord does hear the cry of his servants.

Amazing grace! how sweet the sound  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found;  
Was blind, but now I see.  
'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear  
And grace my fears relieved;  
How precious did that grace appear,  
The hour I first believed!  
Through many dangers, toils, and snares,  
I have already come;

'Twas grace that brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.  
The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine;  
But God, who called me here below,  
Will be forever mine.

—John Newton



## CHAPTER XXIV

### HOME MISSIONARY WORK

"Commit thy ways unto the Lord and he will give thee the desires of thine heart." I have had a burden for home missionary work for a number of years, as I have believed that a great work could be done by a united effort on the part of the rank and file of our people, in the distribution of literature and every other line of missionary activity.

It seemed to me that I could do more for the advancement of the cause of truth by helping our people plan for work in their home churches, than in any other way. So, when, at the campmeeting held at Nevada, Iowa in June, 1916, I was elected Home Missionary secretary of the Iowa Conference, I thanked God for the work, and asked him to help me to fill the place in a way that would bring a blessing to the cause of truth in the earth. My desire is to be true to my charge and see the work advance.

I firmly believe that it will take the united efforts of all of God's people to give this Advent message to all the world in this generation. I read in John 15: 1, 2 that we are to be fruit-bearers and that all who are not will be cast away.

In Matt. 25:14, it says, "To every man his work." Every man, woman, and child, that is connected with this cause, has a work, and will be held accountable for that work, and if unworthy will certainly be cast into

### HOME MISSIONARY WORK

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outer darkness as was the servant to whom was delivered the one talent.

I have been impressed by an allegory written by Eld. S. A. Ruskjer, who is the Home Missionary secretary of the Northern Union conference, and by his permission I will reproduce it here, hoping it may help some one to arise and be faithful in his God-given work.

#### WHEN SATAN CALLED A COMMITTEE MEETING

It came to pass about eighteen hundred years after the twelve apostles had been placed in their silent tombs, and as the time for the second coming of Christ drew near, that Satan sent out a call to each of the imps of his chief committee. The call was for a special session of that busy body of imps.

When the stated time for the committee meeting arrived all the imps were present. Satan, the chairman, seemed to be deeply concerned over something, and in fact looked so sober and gloomy, that his committee knew some of his plans must be proving a failure. In a coarse voice he began to speak. "I am very sorry to have been impelled to call you from your important work, for I know that of all imps you are the most busy, but," he continued, "I have an important matter to which I wish to call your attention." All the imps readjusted their position and leaned forward to learn what was troubling their chairman, and after a pause he continued: "Many times in the past I have called you together to consider questions, and your counsel and advice has been much appreciated. I feel however, that the matter we must consider at this meeting is of greater importance than any matter we have ever considered before.

General Conference of S. D. A.  
MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT  
Takoma Park, D. C.



It has kept me awake nights; in fact, has troubled me exceedingly for several years, and as there are at present no signs that it will soon cease, I decided to discuss the matter with you."

"What is the matter, captain," shouted the imps of his committee in excitement.

"Well," said Satan, "of all the people on the earth, I hate the Seventh-day Adventists most, for they are teaching men to keep the commandments of God and to prepare for the second coming of Christ. As soon as men and women begin to do this, I lose my hold on them. I have hoped that that denomination would only be short-lived and soon pass into history, but those Seventh-day Adventists are so active and their denomination is growing so fast, that I fear they will put aside our kingdom and undo all that we have accomplished during the past fifteen hundred years. Now I crave your advice. Tell me what you think I can do to hinder any further growth of the Adventist denomination."

The imp 'Intemperance' sprang to his feet saying, "I tell you, Mr. Chairman, I think I can handle the situation; I know those people real well. I thought I had them once by getting other denominations to accuse them of being in league with the saloon keepers because they fight Sunday bills, but I found that well-informed men know better, so I will try another plan. I'll influence Seventh-day Adventist ministers as I have other ministers to speak less against the liquor traffic. I'll get some of their members to smoke and chew tobacco, and some to drink tea and coffee, and some to disregard health reform. In this way I will . . ."

"Oh, nonsense," interrupted Satan, "you ought to know better; you can never get those people, as a whole,

that way. You might get some, but we must be more cunning than that or we'll never get them."

"Oh, I know," exclaimed 'Love of Style', "I'll get their women to wear flowers, and feathers, and rings, and to dress like the world. All you imps know that Seventh-day Adventist ministers preach against those things. If I can only keep the members from living up to their profession, I'll have them all in no time and I'll make them the laughing-stock of the world."

"That's good, but it will not fill the bill," stated the chairman; "you can get some of them that way, but you'll never get the real ones so easily."

'Worldly Gain' was the next one to speak. "I have a plan up my sleeve that will beat that completely. Those Seventh-day Adventists can't push their 'message' without money and I'll get their money-makers to save up all they earn and invest in farms, houses, mining stock, or have them put it in the bank; in fact, I'll get them to put their money anyw here except in the 'message', and if I can get them to love worldly gain, I can get them to do anything for money. Some will even raise hogs! If I can keep their money out of the 'message' they can't hire any more preachers, can't print books, tracts or periodicals; and their institutions will be weighted down with large debts, their most talented ministers will be so busy trying to raise money with which to pay off the debts that they will have no time to preach the 'truth'." The eyes of 'Worldly Gain' sparkled as he saw the smiling face of his captain.

"That's very good! It surely is the best plan that has been suggested yet. We are getting down to business now. But I'm afraid you can't get them all to love worldly gain, can you?"



"I've a plan," said 'Persecution'; I'll get busy persecuting 'em, I'll get the popular D. D.'s to preach against 'em, I'll get people to call 'em Jews and laugh at 'em and mock 'em and ridicule 'em and then I'll get Congress to pass Sunday laws, taking their freedom away from 'em. I'll have some of them cast in prison, and drown some, and kill some of 'em and then we are . . ."

"Sit down!" yelled Satan. "you must be out of your mind; if you had dealt with Seventh-day Adventist people as I have, you'd know better than to talk that silly way. I've tried that plan before and their church is much purer and in far better condition in times of persecution than in times of peace. You will kill one and a dozen stand up to take his place; you drown one and a hundred reconsecrate themselves to our enemy — Jesus Christ. If you get Sunday bills in Congress then they scatter thousands of 'extras' everywhere which get several thousand people more to fight Sunday bills. Oh no, my dear sir, you've got a lot to learn about Seventh day Adventists. Your plan is a wild one."

"Now listen to my plan," said Mr. 'Do-nothing', but Satan replied: "Just wait a moment. 'Nurse-a-grouch' has the floor." Then Mr. 'Nurse-a-grouch' with shrewd foresight and keen eyes made known his plans saying: "None of you have hit the mark yet. I'll do what none of you can do; I'll get the leading men among Seventh-day Adventists to look at little details in different lights, then I'll get some of 'em to become stiffnecked and unwilling to recognize the rights of others. In that way I'll get some of 'em to slip off from the main track and start little factions of their own. Then I'll be just as busy as I can be, finding all those who profess to be Seventh-day Adventists who are nursing a grouch against the church,

for some reason or no reason at all, and I'll get these people to join the different factions. Then I'll place my hand over 1 Cor. 3: 3-4; 2 Cor. 13: 5, while I get some to say, 'I'm of A', or 'I'm of B', or 'I'm of C', or 'I'm of D'; in fact it does not make much difference to us who they say, 'I'm of', as long as they do not say 'I'm of Christ'."

All the imps shouted, "Good for you 'Nurse-a-grouch';" but Satan did not look so pleased and soon expressed the reason by saying:

"Your plan does not amount to much, for if you carry out your plan you will only weed out of the church those who wouldn't help the church even if they stayed. I've found in my wide experience that 'nurse-a-grouches' never help any church along very much. We do not need to carry on a campaign against that class of members. What I want to know is, how shall we hinder the real Seventh-day Adventist church from making further growth and development? The factions need not trouble us, it is the real S. D. A.'s I want to hinder. How shall we do that? That is what I called this meeting to discuss."

"Then listen to me," said Mr. 'Do-nothing', "I'll tell you how it can be done. I'll do all that has been mentioned by all of you fellow committee imps and much more too, and do it all in one stroke. Not many of the church members will be very much concerned over that which I'll do because of the way in which I'll do it. I will get all the church members to take it easy; I'll get them to think that Home Missionary work is of no importance and furthermore, I'll get them to think it is wrong to report what little Home Missionary work they may chance to do. If I can keep the Home Missionary spirit out of the church then the members will not be too busy



to listen to my temptations; it will be an easy matter then to get them to find fault with each other and with the church officers, and conference officers; then I can bring in division among them. Soon they will lose courage in the 'message' and begin to grow careless about keeping the Sabbath and about paying tithe, then they will not attend the mid-week prayer meeting. If I can keep Home Missionary work out of the church, the Sabbath schools and prayer meetings will be only an uninteresting form. Then many will drop out of the 'truth' and that will discourage the ministers quicker than anything else can do. Outsiders will see that Seventh-day Adventist members are wrangling among themselves and that will keep them from joining the church. Then the church will not be in condition to supply the working force with ministers, Bible workers, nurses, colporteurs, magazine workers, hence the converts to the 'truth' will be very few in number. When I get the church members to do these things there is nothing I can't do; then you, my fellow imps, will have a splendid chance to come into the church and create intemperance, love of style, love for worldly gain, love of pleasure and then you Mr. 'Nurse-a-grouch' will be busier than you have been since the days of Cain.

"You, Mr. Chairman, and my fellow committee members agree with me that we don't have any chance at all accomplishing anything in a church of which all the members are wide awake Home Missionary workers, then the church is a real live spiritual power. The Sabbath school is so interesting that all the members attend regularly and are on time bringing large offerings. Then the prayer meeting and social service — well, they are so filled with the mighty spirit of God that even our

beloved chairman does not feel comfortable within several miles of the place. If the people put their heart into the 'message', they will put their money into the same place, then the offerings for Home Missionary work and Foreign Missions increase annually. Such churches pay a faithful tithe and prosper in every way. Then the church furnishes a large army of recruits for work in the home land as well as in foreign fields. Then their publishers have to operate day and night in order to fill the demand for magazines, books, tracts, etc. While the members are actively engaged in Home Missionary work, they grow strong in the 'truth' and it is hard for us to get a hold of them. I'll prove, Oh Lucifer, that if I can stop the Home Missionary work in the Seventh-day Adventist churches and get the members to do nothing, our problems are solved."

"All honor to Mr. 'Do-nothing'," cried Satan. "Thou shalt be held in high esteem by all the imps in my whole kingdom and shalt sit on my throne at my right hand. What does the rest of the committee say?"

"Let it be known that Mr. 'Do-nothing' is the wisest among all imps," was the reply.

Satan continued, "You must act quickly, for the other imps can't do much in the churches until you have accomplished your work."

"Hello, here's Mr. 'Messenger'," cried Mr. 'Do-nothing'.

"What message do you bring?" demanded Satan.

"I've come to tell you some news," began Mr. 'Messenger', "the Seventh-day Adventist church has just decided to greatly strengthen the Home Missionary Department. The leaders are urging every member to become a worker for Christ."



"Let all the imps of Hell join me in cursing the Home Missionary work," shrieked Lucifer, and then continued in loudest tones, "Up! Speed away! Mr. 'Do-nothing', let all the imps in the realm help you keep Seventh-day Adventist churches from doing Home Missionary work for in that way only can we hold our ground. Our kingdom is at stake! If all Seventh-day Adventist church members become workers for Christ then 'This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come.'"

The echo of Satan's voice had hardly died away before he added: "After fighting Christianity for six thousand years, I am convinced that one of the laws of prospering Christianity is the law of faithful service."

S. A. RUSKJER.

Since being elected as Home Missionary Secretary, I have been very busy visiting the churches in Iowa and have been grateful to find, in general, a great willingness on the part of our people. I believe that the spirit of service is growing and I am very anxious to see every church member in Iowa feel a responsibility for a definite work in his corner of the Lord's vineyard. I know that if we sow we shall reap (Psa. 126: 6) and that this work will be finished when we, as a united church, arise as one man and finish it. My continual prayer is that we may arise and shine that the glory of the Lord may be seen upon us.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

Selected

## CHAPTER XXV

### CONCLUSION

While writing the concluding chapter of this book, there is one thing that reminds me that age is creeping on. I now bear the honorable title of Grandmother. Earl Jackson Gregg was born at the Iowa Sanitarium, June 3, 1916. He is a promising young child and the sunshine of the home. I am thinking of the blessings which the Lord has so graciously bestowed upon me and the ways by which he has led me in the work for these many years. I want my life work to tell on the side of truth and right. I am persuaded that the Lord is able to lead his children and answer their requests.

Today I have three great desires for the future. 1st, That my children may ever be true to the cause of truth and have an active part in the closing work of the third angel's message. 2nd, That the churches for which we have labored may be true to the message. 3rd, That I may rise on higher ground day by day, ever looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.

I have a great desire to be able to lay this old world aside as a loose garment, when Jesus comes, and meet my Lord in the air, and go to my Father's house where the many mansions are. John 14: 1-3.

O, I long for that glad dawning  
That will break on heaven's shore,  
Where the toils of earth are ended  
And the trials of life are o'er;  
When all sin and pain and sorrow  
Will forever pass away,



Where will be no night nor darkness,  
But one glad, unending day.

O, I long to hear the music  
That will bid us welcome home,  
As it echoes and re-echoes  
Through the shining, heavenly dome;  
And the angels sweetly singing  
In one glad and joyous strain,  
Worthy is the Lamb forever,  
Who was once for sinners slain.

O, I long to see that city,  
Shining with effulgence rare,  
And the bright, palatial mansion  
For my occupancy there:  
And the glorious light that's gleaming  
Through the pearly gates ajar,  
And o'er crystal waters streaming,  
And the heavenly land afar.

O, I long to see the wanderers  
Who were once outcast below,  
With their starry crowns immortal  
And their robes as white as snow,  
In one happy, glad reunion,  
Never, never more to roam;  
But in quietness and safety,  
All at rest in Home, Sweet Home.

O, I long to see my Savior,  
And to fall down at His feet,  
And to hear Him bid me welcome  
In a voice so rich and sweet;  
Though unworthy of His kindness,  
Of His mercy and His love,  
I would dwell with Him forever  
In that glorious home above. —Butler







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